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TOPICS OF THE AUTUMN.

THE most satisfactory—perhaps the only satisfactory—symptom of the times, is the harvest. *That*, at all events, is a substantial good; and, once housed, as it pretty well is now in England, the world cannot be disappointed of its benefits. Considering that a good harvest makes the difference of twenty millions, and that bread (with the occasional luxury of “dripping”) is the standard support of the modern labourer, we cannot over-rate this blessing. We have accounts showing that, in England, Ireland, and on the Continent, the crops are everywhere beyond the average; and we may hope to enter on the winter with reasonable prices. From Ireland especially the tidings of prosperity come thick,—only the way has been cleared for it by a starvation, emigration, and ejection, without parallel in history.

More satisfactory than ever does this material gain look, when we contrast it with the state of political matters. Three symptoms characterise that state—vagueness, uneasiness, and torpor; or, to speak more accurately, there is torpor, varied by the other two. Nobody has made up his mind how to begin the epoch which succeeds to the war. Louis Napoleon suddenly turns up in Spain; and after rewarding the maker of a *comp d'état* in the cause of the Spanish Crown, proceeds so as to cause reasonable uneasiness to the Crown's supporters. It would seem as if he wanted to disturb what quiet Spain can now hope, with what ulterior designs who can say? Meanwhile, he does *not*, it seems, forbid the Sardinian cannon subscription, though one may guess that something of the sort was intended by him. Even old Bomba varies, and eats his own words. Sardinia and Austria take aim at each other, but do not fire. There is a want of unity of design there as everywhere else. The Sardinian Government knows that, if it moves, its action will be disturbed by the republicans of Italy, who do not believe in its capacity to lead the movement. And those republicans are at war with the socialists, Mazzini insisting (with perfect truth) that he is no socialist, and the socialists, of course, retorting as politely as might be expected.

One thing the whole world is agreed on apparently—we mean, in the need of arming. Russia is fortifying Nicolaieff—Austria fortifies both by land and by sea—at home, what is called the peace establishment of the army will, in reality, amount to a larger and better armed force than we have had before. This is a state of things which argues a vague unrest in Europe,—clinging to anything solid and real for satisfaction, and finding nothing more solid and real than the downright command of military force. It is an age of political materialism. We see some of its results in the way our people still hanker after the Crimean stories, which relieve the material deadness by glimpses of sentiment and touches of the dramatic. All this eagerness to break the stillness of the time on the part of one body, and to solidify power on the part of the other, is likely to result, we think, in European disturbances. To use the old phrase, things will be worse before they are better.

The recess is certainly unfruitful as regards material for future legislation. People will talk about Cardigan, but will not talk about

curates. What is very odd, and shows the lingering attractions of such subjects, the interest about Cardigan seems quite apart from the question how he really behaved. Men subscribe to see him, and yet ask if he was really a hero? We wish the question were settled once and for all, and then we might get up a little interest in matters more important.

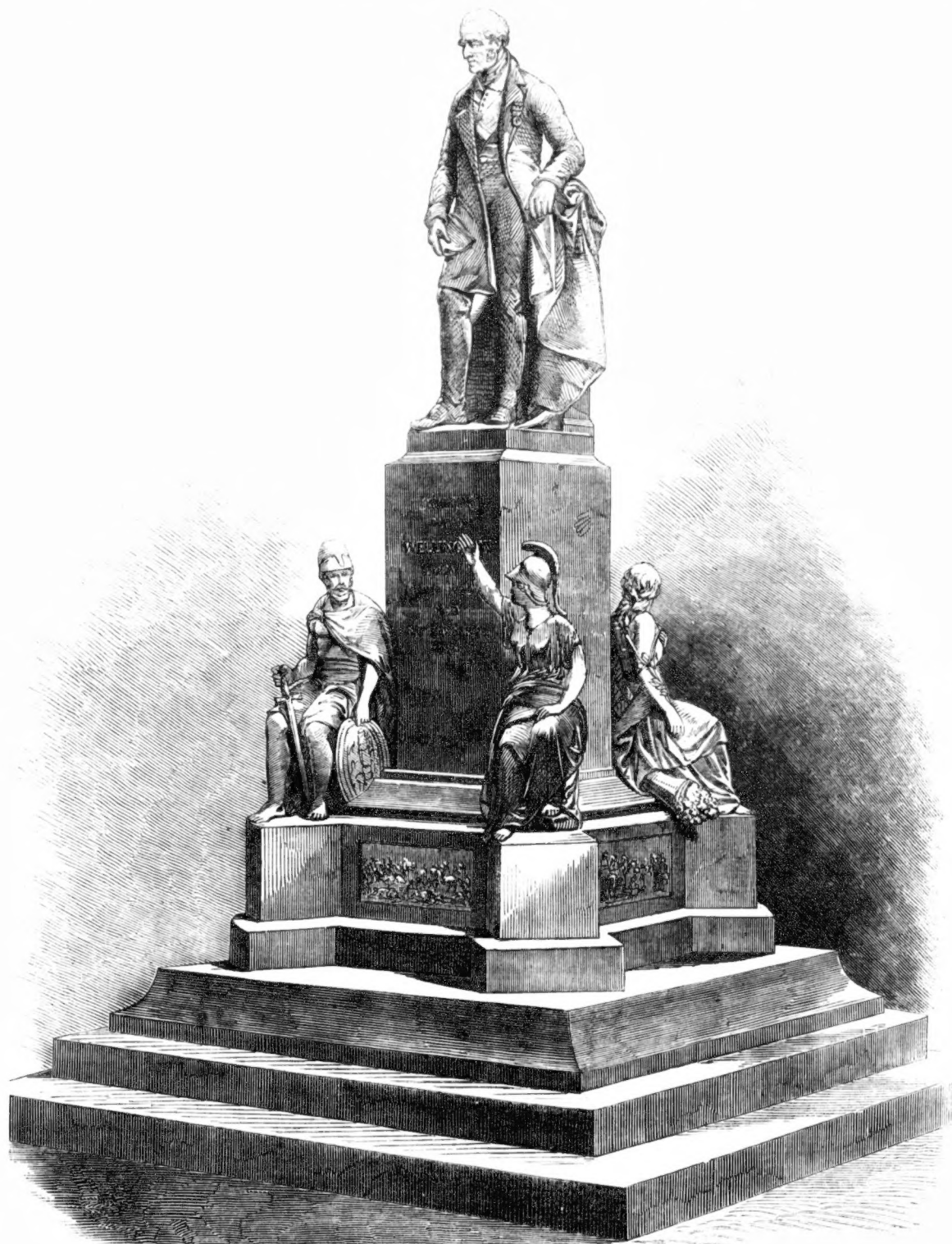
But the readiness with which people find sham admirers when they are up, is of a piece with the sort of opposite treatment those get who are down. Holding independent opinions, and a position of our own, we have been amused at the way in which the poor Duke of Newcastle has been handled of late. The Duke is not perhaps a great man, but is he below the common mark? If there were failures in the war did he really cause them more than any other individual

The recent row in the Conservative party is illustrative of the chaotic condition of English politics, and not free from the taint of want of generosity either. Apart from the question of the ability shown in the controversy (which was poor enough), is it prudent for a party to parade what is weakest about it, or decent on the part of one section to disparage the other? Nothing could be more natural than that there should fall with Peel that form of Conservatism which Peel embodied. Great ability was shown by Disraeli in organising the shattered forces after that event; and if, in the teeth of a free trade triumph, a coalition of Whigs and Peel Conservatives, and a tendency to make little of party traditions altogether, Disraeli has still supplied a leadership which came from nowhere else,—ought not that fact to say something for him—to demand gratitude, in fact,

from every man who holds Tory politics at all? The country will be apt to think that the troop wants rather zeal in the cause than ground of complaint with the leader. And the country will not forget that Disraeli, in his books, has explained, better than any modern, the rise of that modern oligarchy, which is the political fact of the day; and has laboured to inspire the young aristocracy with more generous and elevated views of the duties of their position than before his time were at all in fashion. But somehow the failures, or assumed failures, of a mere man of genius, are more promptly and heavily punished in politics than those of other people. If men of the class are to be put down by treason within and apathy without, the country may make up its mind to Whig families for ever, and their enemies will wish them joy of them. Meanwhile, the scandal of the row is injurious beyond belief to the cause—we do not say of Tory, but of all, “opposition;” and with centralisation ripening so fast, we cannot manage to dispense with old Parliamentary powers. The “independent” members know already how little they can do by themselves—as Mr. Roebuck has told us—against Treasury and social influences; yet, in the face of this truth, every organisation that could make a front against a too-powerful Minister is breaking up. We are falling into a burlesque of the despotic Governments of the Continent. What is more, the experience of last session might have taught us that we shall not gain, as an exchange for the power of bringing public opinion to bear on a Ministry through an Opposi-

sition, the business-like rapidity of execution which is claimed for the despotic system.

A paragraph may be expected from us on the Chartist “demonstration” of the week. Had there been any gleam of parts and pluck in the speeches or doings of that day, we should have given it its due share of praise, quite apart from its being Chartist altogether; but it was a poor and mean exhibition from first to last—evidently the factitious creation of a worn-out clique. It did not represent the brain and heart of the working people at all. There was nothing manly, spontaneous, genial about it, but all bore the mark of being “got-up” by the Rump of a once considerable faction. The song was silly, the harangues were poor. Frost has come back in excellent condition from a punishment which, had it been done on the French



THE MANCHESTER WELLINGTON MEMORIAL, BY M. NOBLE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT WATKINS.)

engaged? People are apt to forget that the success of everything a man in his position could do, depended on its execution by some scores of other men, whose very inferiority of rank is in some degree in their favour. For instance, he might be ever so anxious that the troops should have fresh meat—he might destine a certain number of transports to that object—and yet the fresh meat not be properly looked after on the spot. He might, when it became clear that huts would be wanted, think of getting part of the wood at Constantinople, and find that De Redcliffe could not give him a stick. Can we be sure of a man who, under the circumstances, would have done better? At all events, is it not shabby to blame one man for the failures of a whole organisation? That is what is being done now by men who had the luck not to be required to display their abilities.

or Austrian principle, would have finished him long ago. The people cannot help seeing this, and knowing that, as regards freedom of speaking and writing, &c., no nation in the world has ever enjoyed their advantages. On these points there is no fault to find, and were such powers wisely used, there is no reform wanted which they could not effect. So much greater is the absurdity, therefore, of keeping up the machinery, and talking the cant, of an exploded form of agitation. The fact is, that we are all more or less languid about politics just now in Europe; and those who love the freedom and mental energy of man must wait in patience for the coming of the spring-tides again.

INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL AT MANCHESTER

It would have been well if a contingent of contributors to the London press, and a selection from the country gentlemen who sit on the left hand of Mr. Speaker, could have been transported to Manchester on the 30th of August last. The scene presented on that day by the cotton metropolis would have corrected a good many of the misapprehensions and annihilated some of the prejudices which find expression in the printed thunders of the "Times" and the aristocratic oratory of Parliament. The whole city seemed to have poured itself into the open space before the Infirmary; and who attempted to thread his way through the mighty throng recognised in the broad Lancashire of the observant and criticising multitude that the populous towns by which Manchester is belted—the Rochdales, the Ashton, the Bolton, and the Stockports—had sent their quotas to swell the gala. Sixty thousand people must have been within view of the low platform in front of the Infirmary, on which the various interests of the district were represented. The church and religion of the district were there in the persons of the Bishop of Manchester and Dr. Vaughan; of its legislators, Mr. Chetham, one of the members for the county, and Mr. Brotherton, the well-known member for Salford, told of the wealth and position which Lancashire offers to the humblest beginnings of its sons; the Mayor and Councillors were there in those robes and chains which even the municipality of utilitarian Manchester do not despise; the general industrialism of the locality was represented in the Bazleys, the Phillipses, the Potters, and the Houldsworths, among the greatest of Lancashire's mill-owners and merchants, and by Fairbairn and Whitworth, men of European reputation. "But why this array of military?" the intelligent foreigner so often appealed to in Parliamentary debates might have asked, "why these officers in full uniform, these troops of cavalry and infantry, these cheers which salute yonder weather-beaten veterans who might have fought in the Peninsula against the great Napoleon? What has the English Philadelpia, the city which sends a Chuker to Parliament, to do with all this pomp and circumstance of war?" The "reason why," O intelligent foreigner! is that yonder veiled erection, on which the eyes of all are fixed, is the Manchester memorial to the Duke of Wellington, which is to be inaugurated to-day, and to erect which "Manchester men" contributed almost instantaneously some seven thousand pounds in hard cash. It is because the industrious population of Lancashire, so much neglected and so often misrepresented, is English in heart and soul, and sympathises with its fellow-workers in steel, that it sends the air with shouts when Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Alwal, rises to speak. While its Parliamentary representatives were doing the work of the Czar, Manchester itself hung with eager interest on every incident of the Russian war; and nowhere was the news of the victories of Alma, and Inkermann, and of the crowning triumph of all, received with greater enthusiasm than in the metropolis of industry.

Well! the statue has been unveiled, the orators of the day, the Mayor and the ex-Mayor, the Bishop and Sir Harry Smith, have said their say, three cheers have been given for the Queen, and Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has bowed his acknowledgements to the multitude. Let us leave the multitude gazing at the colossal pile, and at the fountains which mimic the ineffectual displays of these of Trafalgar Square. Let us walk down Market Street, and moralise on the scene which has just been enacted. Strange, is it not, that the men of the city of the steam engine should have assembled in such crowds to do honour to the memory of a military hero? Since the Queen was here, the newspaper reporters tell us, Manchester has seen no such sight. A statue of her Majesty, they say, is to stand one of these days between that of the Duke and of Sir Robert, which are almost the sole statuary ornaments of the city. Other statues are to follow. "When we see," said the Mayor in his speech, "one statue after another rising up in this city, I hope you will, when called upon for future subscriptions, liberally subscribe so that you may see this city decorated with works of art." Dalton, the Quaker chemist, has his statue in the city where he lived. James Watt is to have one by-and-bye; there has been a public meeting and a subscription-list opened for the erection of a statue to the great improver of the steam-engine. But where are the memorials of the other great creators of the vast industrialism around us? A portrait of Sir Richard Arkwright hangs in the Manchester Exchange, showing the veritable Richard as he looked and lived—jovial, triumphant, and full-bellied, in his best clothes withal; but not one in a hundred probably of those kren-faced spinners and merchants who frequent the Manchester mart know where the portrait is. Sir Richard Arkwright deserves his statue surely as much as Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Bridgewater has a claim to one as well as the Duke of Wellington. The founders of cotton-spinning and the English canal system worked into the hands of the Duke of Wellington; without the wealth which they created, where would have the taxes raised by Mr. Pitt to overthrow Napoleon and subsidise the Continent? If Manchester is to be filled with statues, let the heroes of Industrialism—the Arkwrights, Bradleys, Bridgewaters, Stephenson, be among the men whose memory the "metropolis of industry" shall delight to honour!

The statue of the Duke of Wellington is a massive casting, weighs about five tons, and is from the celebrated bronze works of Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, Pimlico. It is supposed to represent him the moment after speaking the following words in the House of Lords:—"I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." The attitude is that of addressing an audience. The left elbow rests upon a short column, over which is also cast the military cloak. The right hand, not stretched out, holds a scroll of papers, and behind is a pile of books—six volumes of "Despatches." The figure stoops forward, indicative of extreme age.

The base and pedestal of the monument are of granite, weighing about 100 tons, from the works of Mr. Alexander McDonald, of Aberdeen. The base, the foot of which is 22 feet square, rises, in six gradations, to a height of 10 feet six inches, and is then surmounted by a square pedestal (with the corners taken off) 8 feet six inches high, making a total height of 19 feet. Upon this—inscribed with the words "Wellington"—stands the colossal statue of the Duke, measuring 13 feet, and making the entire elevation 32 feet.

Several grades of granite at the foot of the Wellington Monument are square; then each of the four angles projects, and these become each the support of a subordinate, but large figure. Viewing the memorial from Piccadilly, the figure on the Portland Street side is representative of Mars or Valour; and that to the spectator's right, Minerva or Wisdom. Looking at the monument from the opposite side—that next the Infirmary Ground—the figure on the spectator's right is illustrative of Victory, as the reward of Valour; the one to the left is Peace, as the result and the reward of Wisdom. The statue of Mars is 10 feet high, the others are female figures, respectively 9 feet 7 inches high, all in situ. The bas-reliefs, for the reception of which there are four panels upon the plinth, will not be ready for several months. The one in front is to represent the battle of Waterloo; that at the rear the battle of Assaye; the one at the side toward Portland Street is to illustrate the Congress of Vienna; and the remaining one his reception of the thanks of the House of Commons on the memorable occasion in 1815.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

CONSIDERABLE speculation has been excited by a recent visit of the Emperor and Empress to Spain. The speculation is none the less curious because the ordinary channels of information ignored the fact. The rumour of the visit first came, not from Paris, but from Madrid. Paris, in fact, was as much startled by the intelligence as London; and for some time a doubt was thrown on the matter. Our correspondence from St. Sebastian, however, confirms the rumour, and details the visit to that city, which was made on the 9th inst.—not privately, but in French vessels of war, and with all public honours. Describing the visit, the "Messager de Bayonne" has the following passage, which is not easy of interpretation:—"The bells rang merrily, the large guns of Castello thundered, and the people, full of emotion, seemed to welcome one of the greatest kings of Castile. It appeared as if, by their enthusiastic cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' they desired to attach to the worthy heir of the greatest names of modern times the old traditions—the unchangeable love, which the Spanish nation preserves for its ancient monarchs." Further on, the same journal says:—"This day will form an epoch in the annals of St. Sebastian; it proves the community of sentiments and interests which unite the populations on the two sides of the Pyrenees."

The Emperor, on the occasion of the anniversary of the taking of Sebastopol, reviewed the troops on service at the Villa Eugénie. After having twice passed along the ranks, his Majesty took the Prince Imperial in his arms, and presented him to the soldiers. All the officers dined at the villa, and tables were laid out for the men, who were provided with a good dinner and a bottle of champagne to every three men.

The "Toulonnais" of the 9th speaks of orders having arrived at that port for arming thirty vessels of different sizes.

There have been dreadful fires at Saint Pol, near Arras, and at Pau, the first to the extent of 40,000, the second 15,000, damage.

The total subscriptions for the victims of the inundations, are reported at 10,162,557 fr. 34c.

There have been many rumours lately as to the failing health of the Emperor. The "Independence" says that his Majesty is quite well, save for some flying gout pains.

SPAIN.

SPANISH affairs remain unaltered; at any rate, upon the surface. The Spanish journals which support the present Government declare that O'Donnell is on the very best terms with the Queen, and that the Cabinet is united in its views. The new constitution is to be promulgated about the 25th of this month, and the government is to give satisfaction to all parties, because it will be "conservative and progressive." The sale of church property continues with increased activity, and it is declared that a portion of the national debt will be paid off on the 1st of January, and that agents will be appointed in foreign countries for that purpose. All this is on the authority of the ministerial journals. Those in Spain who are opposed to the O'Donnell ministry make very different reports, and assert that the cabinet is by no means united, and the difficulties of the powers that be (at present) increasing.

The boundary question, so long pending between Spain and Portugal, has been definitely settled.

The government, it is said, intend to remove the sequestration laid on the property of Queen Maria Christina.

A circular has been addressed by the Minister of War to the Captains-General of provinces, announcing that, in consequence of the re-establishment of tranquillity, the Government desires that the state of siege in which all Spain has been placed, shall, without being done away with all at once, be so modified "as to permit all the branches of the administration of the State to re-enter gradually in their normal conditions."

The Infante Don Henry is ordered to take up his residence at Majorca; the Infanta Don Isabel at San Sebastian, and the Infanta Dona Josefa at Granada. "Purely private reasons," says the "Epoca," "are the cause of these orders."

The resignation of M. Escalante as Spanish Minister at Washington has been accepted.

The "Español" says that the Government has refused passports to Marshal Narvaez "so long as internal affairs yet pending remain undecided." The offer of a diplomatic post abroad has been politely declined by the Marshal.

RUSSIA.

THE appointment of M. de Kisseleff, as Russian Ambassador to Paris, has been rescinded, just as it was expected that he was about to start from St. Petersburg to his post. The new Ambassador will be Count Cheremetieff, a nobleman of very large fortune.

The Czar has signalled the day of his coronation by publishing a most important ukase, which contains an amnesty and lays the foundation for great reforms. The following points are contained in it:—A civic and military medal for all who took part, directly or indirectly, in the war. Freedom from military service for four years throughout the Empire. A most equitable assessment of the poll-tax. The Emperor accords an amnesty to the political offenders of 1826 and 1831. All the Jews of the Empire are freed from the special burdens of the recruitment that still oppressed them. The children of soldiers that were brought up by the state, and as such formed part hitherto of the army, in which they were bound to serve as soldiers, are all restored to their relations.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Prince Paul Esterhazy, who represented Austria at the coronation, the Order of St. Andrew, in diamonds, which is the highest distinction that can be obtained in Russia.

Workmen continue to be actively engaged in endeavouring to raise the vessels sunk in the harbour of Sebastopol. It appears that the fine steam frigate Vladimir is completely lost.

Official intelligence has been received that the Russian Government has abolished for the time being all the restrictions now in force in Bessarabia, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff. This new regulation is to remain in force until the navigation is closed for the present year.

ITALY.

THE latest intelligence from Naples shows the King actively employed in ordering defences along the coast and on the island of Capri, a picturesque rock of the Bay of Naples, which, in Napoleon's time, was considered of great importance. The defences of the city of Naples have, since 1848, been considerably increased. The Castle Nuovo, on the hill which circles the city, and the fortress del Oro, which is built in the sea, are each mounted with heavy guns; besides which, there are other platforms for artillery on the water's edge. Should the fleet make its appearance before Naples, it is by no means improbable that the King will place the city in a state of siege, and occupy all the public buildings, already loop-holed for infantry to fire into the streets. The country is rapidly becoming openly rebellious, in spite of the hosts of shirri who infest the streets. It appears to be quite true that the King of the Two Sicilies has addressed to the Western Powers a new note, intended to do away with the bad effects of the first. In this note the King is said to express regret that the Courts of Paris and London should have seen in his first answer any matter of offence, and formally disclaim any offensive intention. He moreover declares himself firmly convinced that the counsels tendered to the Neapolitan Government by France and England in their identical note were well-intentioned. But the King adds afterwards, that he is a better judge of the dangers that may threaten his states, than governments, interested in making the Western Powers believe that the political situation of Italy is big with storms, can possibly be.

The new fortifications at Alessandria have been commenced, and will be carried on with the greatest activity. General La Marmora, the Minister of War, has visited the works which the sappers are executing on the bastions in the direction of Marengo. After visiting the ground on which the other fortifications are to be erected, the General reviewed the garrison drawn up under arms in the citadel.

The Piedmontese Government has decided on having six steam screw frigates built, of the same size as the *Victor Emmanuel*. Four are to be built in that country and two in England.

In order to put an end to the atrocities of the brigands, the Papal Go-

vernment, they say, is about to distribute arms to the peasantry. Yet while public security is in so precarious a state that landholders, fearing that the municipality have neither means nor authority to protect their property, have actually taken the gendarmes into their private service, paying them as much as 2 fr. a-day.

The municipality of Venice has received official notice that the Emperor and Empress of Austria will visit that city at the beginning of November. The "Patria Gazette" of the 9th publishes a decree raising the state of siege, and referring the prosecutions still pending before the courts-jury to the ordinary tribunals.

M. Hubner is now at Naples. This diplomatist (sent, it is said, by the Austrian Court to reconnoitre with the King of Naples) has been represented in successive despatches as having set out on his journey, abandoned his mission, changed his route, or stopped for further instructions.

SWITZERLAND.

THE Federal Council have replied to a note presented to it by M. de Sylow, in reference to Neuchâtel, in which the Prussian Government reserved its right of sovereignty over that principality. The Federal Council declared that it could not admit that right. M. de Sylow had an audience of the President of the Federal Council, from whom he departed, saying that the prisoners should be treated with kindness, and that the judicial inquiry and trial should not be too hastily conducted, as such a course would complicate still more the diplomatic relations of Prussia with the Confederation, and create fresh difficulties. M. Stämpfli replied that Switzerland was the last country to which such observations ought to be addressed, since its legislation with respect to political offences and crimes was the least severe that existed. Justice, he added, should take its course, and the Confederation was firmly determined to reject all diplomatic intervention.

A petition to the Grand Council is in course of signature, praying—First, that the authors of the troubles may be held responsible for all the damage done. Secondly, that they may be made to form a fund for the widows and orphans of the persons killed during the short struggle. Thirdly, that all who took part in the insurrection, directly or indirectly, may be punished under the laws against high treason and deprived of civil rights. Fourthly, that every royalist society may be dissolved.

The inquiry ordered by the confederation leads every day to fresh arrests. There are already as many as 500 prisoners, and although every practicable attention is paid to them they are necessarily rather closely packed. The wounded, twenty-one in number, are for the most part doing well. Count Pourtales has died of his wounds. This is not, we believe, the Count Pourtales who was the leader of the insurrection.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

FRENCH despatches from Constantinople aver that the Ministry is consolidated, owing to a sudden change of tactics on the part of Lord Palmerston. It is pretended that the enthusiastic reception given to Baron Leysand by the Roumains has cooled the ardour of the English Ministry for the union of the Principalities, and that he will abandon the project on condition that the Sultan will refuse to authorise the cutting through the Isthmus of Suez, and concede the Persian Gulf Railway to the English.

Admiral Stewart has gone to Malta. Lord Lyons will, it is said, soon leave for England.

The Turks who lost limbs in the late war will receive pensions of 2,100 piastres.

Omur Pacha will take the command of the Turkish army, which has already reached the frontiers of the Montenegrians.

There have been engagements on the frontiers of Larissa between the Turks and the Albanian irregulars.

A letter from Smyrna of the 6th says that the Austrian squadron has arrived in that port.

Slight shocks of earthquake have been felt at Broussa, and there has been a violent one in the Caucasus.

Sir Henry Bulwer has arrived at Constantinople. The commission for the re-organisation of the Danubian Principalities is thus complete.

The English engineers engaged to make surveys for a railway to Bagdad have arrived at Constantinople. The *Press of Orient* asks whether Great Britain means to send soldiers to guard the line against the Bolonians.

There have been troubles at Naplouse. Palestine is quiet.

The Persian Government is preparing a brilliant reception for the French Ambassador.

AMERICA.

THE Army Appropriation Bill, stripped of the restrictive clause, inserted by the House of Representatives, passed both houses of Congress on the 30th, was signed by the President, and the extraordinary session ended.

Despatches from Kansas represent that the Missouri Border Ruffians and the Free States forces, under the leadership of Atchison and Lane respectively, are mustering in large numbers.

Walker's position is still represented as desperate. The Nicaraguans have found the exactions requisite to maintain a standing army and to conduct the service of the government too irksome for endurance. The larger proprietors have deserted their estates, and taken refuge in the neighbouring republics. Though the property left behind them has been declared confiscated, it remains unproductive to the state for want of purchasers, all is discontent and instability.

MEXICO.

MEXICAN news reports the suppression of another revolt in the capital. The leaders of the movement were arrested at their residences, and hurried by diligence to Vera Cruz, where they were banished from the country, taking passage in the steamer *Texas* for New Orleans.

WEST INDIES.

THE West India Islands, with the exception of Martinique, are reported to be healthy. At Nevis, on the 28th ultimo, a fire caused the destruction of the jail and several other buildings. A shock of an earthquake was felt in the Island of St. Thomas on the 28th, damaging several houses.

INDIA.

INDIA everywhere is tranquil. Oude is perfectly tranquil, and the supreme Government has, on the recommendation of the Chief Commissioner, authorised the military force in the province, as at present constituted, to be broken up, and the troops and batteries composing it to be withdrawn and ordered back to the several stations from whence they proceeded there. We have, however, a striking instance of disagreement between the supreme authorities at home and in India. Tidings were brought home in the newspapers despatched on the 27th of May, that orders had been issued by the supreme Government forbidding the commencement of all public works costing more than a thousand pounds. So soon as this was made known, it was met by a demi-official contradiction in the "Times," stating that so far from works being stopped, a couple of millions extra had been ordered to be expended on them. Unhappily for the contradiction, the official order has been published in the Madras "Government Gazette," it is said, by mistake; it bears date 3rd of May, and must have been in the India House full three weeks at least when its existence was denied.

EARTHQUAKE IN THE CAUCASUS.—The St. Petersburg Journals are filled with accounts of the destruction of Selemiskia, a small town in the gorges of the Caucasus, by earthquake, on the 11th of July. The morning had been very hot, and gusts of stifling wind from time to time agitated without refreshing the atmosphere. The sun, shorn of his rays, looked like a ball of red-hot iron in the midst of an incandescent sky. A general oppression weighed on man and beast; nevertheless, no one seemed to expect the impending blow, when about five in the afternoon a sudden low druff sound was heard, and a shock was felt lasting half a minute. The shock, brief as its duration, was sufficiently violent to throw to the ground 300 houses and more than 100 shops. Happily only one person was killed, and only five were wounded.

THE SECRET SURPRISE.—As the barque Secret, of Sunderland, was at anchor in Torres Straits lately, the natives attempted to board her; there were about thirty of them in two canoes. They advanced with the most frightful yell and howling, and perceiving two more canoes coming off, the captain was obliged to fire his own vessel into the nearest one, which was only about forty feet distant. She immediately sheered off, and the anchor being got up, the Secret escaped.

NEW NOTES FROM THE ENLIGHTENED, EVERLASTING, AND ALMIGHTY REPUBLIC.

A SCENE ON THE GALLIES OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco lately condemned to death two murderers, Hetherington and Brace. They were brought to the scaffold on the 28th of July, and enacted a scene so grotesquely horrible, so uniquely American, that we cannot help detailing it.

Arrived under the gallows, both the men took off their neckties, and loosened their shirt collars, as unconcernedly as though they were about the most ordinary affairs of life. When the ropes were placed upon their necks, Brace turned to his companion and extended his hand, which was taken by Hetherington, when a few words passed as though they were bidding adieu to each other. Hetherington then proceeded to address the assembled mob.

Gentlemen, he said.—You may think me a hardened sinner, but I appear before you cool, unconcerned, and free. I am now about to meet my Maker. To the best of my knowledge here, I have not lived one day in my life that I was afraid to meet my Maker that night. To the reporter—Have you got that? Do not think that I am boastful or bragging; such is not my case. The Rev. Bishop Kipp has been with me all day—not all day, but nearly all day.

Brace—Go on, go on with what you have to say. (The executioner checked him.) Go on, old boss.

Hetherington—In a conversation which I had with Mr. O'Brien two weeks ago, our conversation turned upon religion, and I assured him there never was a day in my life—

Brace—Hurry up, and not stop so long. Do you think I want to stand here, and be stared at by these ignoramus? I wish to meet my doom immediately.

Hetherington—They tell me to stop. (Several voices in the crowd, "Speak on; go on, Hetherington.")

Brace—Go on, and brave it out. Don't talk about Dr. Kipp; they don't want to know anything about him.

Hetherington (after a pause)—Where did I leave off? What was I saying? (A voice, "About Dr. O'Brien.")

Hetherington—Our conversation turned upon religion.

Brace (laughing)—Ah, ah, I am drunk, so I am all right.

Hetherington—I told the doctor I was prepared to meet my God at any moment; and further, that I never lived one day in my life that I was not prepared to meet my God at the night. Dr. P. O'Brien will make an affidavit to that, I think, if called upon.

Brace—You have your vengeance, gentlemen, to your hearts' content. I don't care a— I want you to understand that clearly, fully, and distinctly, gentlemen.

Hetherington—The gentlemen have given orders for me to go ahead. I will change my note, and will merely say, as orders have been given to stop, that in the first difficulty I had with Dr. Baldwin, I had to shoot him in defence of my own life.

Brace—I shall die murdered by the Vigilance Committee, July 28, 1856. I wish that clearly and distinctly understood on the house-top there.

Hetherington—I was acquitted of that, but still it hangs upon me. I must stop, but I will add, that so far as killing Dr. Randall is concerned, I merely asked for a conversation with Mr. Coker, when he turned round and drew his pistol immediately. I merely shot him to save my own life. I have lived a gentleman all my life, and will die a gentleman, though on the gallows. I defy any man in the whole world to prove that I have done one dishonourable act in my whole life. I am now in a few minutes to be launched into eternity. You may please yourselves, notwithstanding I have no bad feeling towards any person here. I forgive every man freely, as I expect my Redeemer to have mercy on me. Lord have mercy on my soul!

Brace—It, dry up! What's the use talking to them?

Hetherington—I was going to make a remark that very few people—

Brace—Go it, old boss!

Hetherington—I have led a life pure, mild, and above all reproach. As to how I have been treated, I will say for Mr. Gillespie that he insulted me very much, but I freely forgive him. T. J. L. Smiley has been a friend towards me.

Brace—Come, dry up. What the— is the use of keeping me here just waiting on you? I want to go through with it.

While Hetherington was yet speaking, and Brace going through with his most wonderful and revolting performances, the caps were drawn over their faces, a signal was given, followed by one drop tone from the bell on the Vigilant Buildings, which was a muffled signal for the executioner, who stood upon the ground, and with a mallet and chisel parted the cord that sustained the drop, and at once the two murderers were ignominiously suspended between heaven and earth, to pay the penalty of their crimes. The noise was well adjusted upon both, and the bodies were almost instantly lifeless. The body of Brace was not observed to move at all, not even a muscle, and that of Hetherington, after three or four minutes, was seen to move violently, once or twice, and then all was over.

THE ROWDY ABROAD.

The good people of the Sandwich Islands have been honoured with the arrival in Honolulu of some of the almighty, everlasting, and enlightened citizens who were sent out of San Francisco by the Vigilance Committee. The "Ka Kae Hana" (a local paper) says:—"An American ship arrived at this place a few days ago, bringing as passengers three distinguished men, named William Carr, Martin Gallagher, and Edward Bulger. We had the honour to receive a visit from Mr. Carr, and must say that we were hardly prepared for such extraordinary condensation and sociability in one so famous. He drank nearly half a pint of brandy from our bottle; borrowed from us fifty dollars, just as if we had long had the honour of his acquaintance, patted our wife on the cheek, and whispered to her that he'd come round some night when the 'soggy old boy' (meaning us) was away; and, for the purpose of exhibiting his humour in a practical manner, wore off our new hat, leaving an old one in its place, which he facetiously said was 'worse for having so often had a brick in it.' After he left our place, this famous man visited different parts of the city; and we are sorry to say that some of the ignorant natives, not understanding his peculiar manners, did not treat him with that respect due to hospitality and his distinguished merit. For instance, when he offered to take some liberties with a young native woman, her husband foolishly got angry and knocked him down with a sea shell, and would probably have dashed out his brains had it not been for Mr. Gallagher, who quickly shot the native through the head. Mr. Carr recovered from the blow he received, and commencing where he had been interrupted, kissed the young woman many times, much to the amusement of the spectators. The two then fired their pistols off several times in the crowd, yet it fortunately happened that only one person was injured, and she just had a ball shot through her leg. We were also informed of another unlucky mistake made by our ignorant people, who entirely mistaking these strangers, treat them as if they were low thieves, rowdies, and blackguards. Mr. Gallagher went into a house where they gamble for money; a man, who must have been deceived, thought he saw him cheat with the cards, and told of it; at which Gallagher drew a large knife, and would have cut off his head, but that he was prevented by a number of others. In the confusion the lights were put out, and Mr. Bulger (another distinguished stranger), with great presence of mind, placed the piles of money on the gambling tables in his pockets. The owner of it will be very grateful to him when he returns it."

TARRING A MINISTER.

A Reverend W. Sellers, writes to "Brother Cocklin," of the "Western Christian Advocate," describing certain "difficulties" in Rochester (Mobile), which resulted in the shooting of Benjamin Holland, and the tarring of the writer of the letter. Mr. Sellers, it appears, had opened a series of religious meetings in Rochester, but these religious meetings had a touch of anti-slavery feeling in them, and this so much exasperated the citizens, that a deputation waited on Mr. Sellers, and informed him that his "North Methodist preaching" would no longer be tolerated. Mr. Sellers declared his determination to persist, and at the time appointed, started for Rochester, to "hold meeting." He rode through the village to Brother Strick's stable to put up his horse, and here a crowd of citizens immediately collected. "I suppose," says Mr. Sellers, "there were from 75 to 100 of them. Some were armed with revolvers, others had knives and clubs, while others had picked up stones in the streets. One fellow cried out if he had me out of the store he would soon kill me. At that remark one fellow got me by the arm, and drew me to the door. Three others then came to my assistance, and, seizing hold of each arm and leg, they carried me to the middle of the street, where they halted—raving, cursing, and yelling.

"While this was transpiring, Brother Holland, (who was standing at the door of the store) was shot, the ball striking him on the chin, passing through and breaking his neck. He expired in about thirty minutes. They also shot at Brother Beattie and missed him; and he then knocked two or three of them down, and escaped at the back door.

"While in the street the mob held a consultation over me, as to the nature of the punishment I should receive. Some said, 'Cut his— throat!' others, 'Scalp him!' others, 'Shoot him in the head.' At last they concluded to tar me. They then carried me across the street, to a bar barrel which was sunk in the ground, and throwing me down on my back, held me there while they consulted as to the manner in which the tar should be applied. Some said, 'Put him in head foremost!' others were for stripping me. At last they concluded to do the work without stripping me. They then commenced putting on the tar with a broad paddle. After completely saturating my hair, they gave my eyes, ears, face, and neck each a plastering. I had on a black coat, satin vest, and black cloth pants. They tarred my cravat, my shirt bosom, and my clothes, down to my feet. They then let me up. I was so sore I could scarcely stand on my feet; but oh, the agony of my eyes! they appeared like balls of fire, and I thought they would burst out of my head. Although it was noon, and the hot sun was beaming upon my head, I groped my way as at midnight. I groped my way into the street; they followed me with their revolvers cocked, telling me to stop faster, at the peril of my life. I was in so much misery I knew not where I was going. I could see objects, but could not distinguish one from another. By the time I got across the street the tar had melted some, and I could distinguish between males and females. Here were the female members of my flock in Rochester, some of whom had ventured out in the midst of this mob to

rescue their pastor from their bloody clutches. Some had fainted, others were crying and wringing their hands in excessive grief. I found my horse in the yard with the bridle on, and with the assistance of one of the mob I got the saddle on, and started to go to some place on my work as quickly as possible, to get the tar washed out of my eyes. The mob followed me, however, burned me back, and made me go towards Savannah. As I passed out of town I providentially met Brother Chamberlin and his wife, who were coming to my meeting."

Brother Chamberlin took him to a place of safety, twelve miles distant, where the minister arrived almost dead.

THE CHIVALROUS BROOKS.

Since Mr. Brooks's assault on Mr. Sumner, he (Brooks) has sought every possible opportunity of showing of what chivalrous stuff he is made. There seems to be no end to his ambition to murder people. He has been at dirk, or rather bowie-knife point, with Senator Wilson, General Webb, and Mr. Burlingame; but disgusted that no opportunity for displaying his valour came out of these quarrels, he lately resolved on a great stroke of chivalry, which should strike his countrymen with everlasting admiration. He searched Willard's Hotel from room to room, for two gentlemen, declaring in the most terrific voice that he was bound to pull their noses and also to smash their heads. He carried terror into the hearts of the waiters and chambermaids, as he flourished his well-known cane, and brandished his bowie-knife before all eyes. The two gentlemen were warned in time to avoid encountering him unarmed. Their object was saying what they thought of Mr. Brooks's conduct in relation to Mr. Sumner. But being called to account next morning, the hero declared that he had been drunk, and remembered nothing of the matter. If his constituents go on supplying him with arms, he will go on applying them to the best heads in Congress.

Of Mr. Sumner, a certain "organ of Southern sentiment" writes after this courteous fashion:—"Idiotry is likely to ensue to Mr. Sumner, from the softening of the brain. Good!" We are happy to see, however, that since its date Mr. Sumner has made progress towards recovery, being now able to take horse exercise daily.

SHOCKING EXECUTION OF A NEGRO.

Whatever may be thought of the "institution of slavery," it is certain that it is attended with the most frightful atrocities. Here is an instance:—A runaway negro from Kentucky, entered a lonely house near Glasgow, during the absence of the master, Mr. David Threlkeld, and abused his wife; he then went to another, and attempted the same outrage on the mistress, but she was rescued by her husband; but the negro escaped. He was captured next night, and a committee appointed to decide upon his punishment. They decided to turn him over to the proper authorities, but the mob would not allow of it—he must be lynched. Mrs. Threlkeld was sent for, who fully identified him as the one who had outraged her on the night previous. And now comes the tragical part of the performance. Our informant states that an old sword, in the possession of one of the crowd, was procured and placed in the hands of Mrs. Threlkeld, who thereupon proceeded to slash, jab, and cut him in the most terrible manner. After her vengeance was fully satisfied, the brothers and husband of Mrs. T. shot the negro six or seven times in different parts of his body—one of her brothers finally putting an end to his torments by shooting him through the head. The brutal exhibition was finally wound up by actually scalping him, and his remains were thrown into a gully, a few rods from the place of execution.

IRELAND.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES.—A violent mob collected, a few evenings since, outside a house in Cork, in which a meeting of the Irish Missionary Society was being held, and acted in an outrageous manner, breaking several squares of glass in the windows, and threatening some of the persons attending the meeting with violence. Some of the parties were brought before the magistrates on Saturday to answer for this offence, when the following decision was given:—"We have decided to receive informations for riot and assault against Michael Carty, Henry Mea, Edward Walsh, and Cornelius Leary. At the same time we state that the language deposed to have been used at this meeting—at which Catholics were invited to be present—was of the most exciting and provoking character that could possibly be used, and that we strongly reprobate such conduct, and would most strongly advise Catholics to remain away from such places." Another painful scene took place on Friday on the Kingstown Pier, on the occasion of some open-air preaching, but there has been no charge of assault made against any party. An account appears in the Cork papers of the pulling down and breaking of a stone cross which ornamented the gate of a convent at Clonakilly, in that county.

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—The winding up of the affairs of the Tipperary Bank is not progressing with that satisfaction which was expected, and there is every prospect that, unless some vigorous effort be made by the unfortunate creditors to secure a rapid and less litigated adjustment, law costs will absorb all the moneys hereafter to be recovered from the shareholders.

THE HARVEST.—The provincial papers contain most satisfactory reports of the harvest in every part of Ireland, the fineness of the weather during the past week having enabled the farmers to complete their harvest operations almost throughout the country.

SCOTLAND.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.—The annual meeting of the Braemar Highland Society came off on Thursday week, in the presence of her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal family. A more beautiful day could not have been desired for witnessing the games and admiring the wild and romantic scenery of the Braes of Mar. About one o'clock, the members of this friendly society to the number of upwards of 100, all attired in the Highland garb of the Farquharson clan tartan, assembled in front of the old castle, and the sports forthwith commenced. The games were contested with great spirit, and through the liberality of the visitors, handsome prizes were awarded to the successful competitors in Highland dancing, throwing the stone and hammer, tossing the caber, running; prizes were also given for home-manufactured tartans, and for long and faithful services. At the conclusion of the games, a sumptuous luncheon was given in one of the rooms in the castle, and in other apartments. The amusements of the day terminated with a ball.

OFF TO SEA.—No less than eight youths, ambitious of "a life on the ocean wave," concealed themselves on board a ship which left Greenock for the Brazils last week. Two days after she sailed the mate, on passing the pigstye, heard a snoring, which he was confident did not proceed from the snout of a member of the porcine race; and, on looking in, he discovered one of the boys. On emerging from his hiding-place, the mate asked, "Any more?" and, after an answer in the affirmative, the eight appeared in regular sequence, to the astonishment and dismay of the officer, who looked aghast. Affrighted by the prospect of the gap which eight hungry, growing lads would make in the ship's stores, he selected two of the most able-looking, and providing each of the remaining six with a small bag of biscuit and a shilling, put them on board a passing collier for Greenock, where they arrived "sadder and wiser" youths (let us hope).

THE EDINBURGH BANQUET TO THE CRIMEAN SOLDIERS.—It has now been arranged that this interesting event shall be held on the 31st of October. The banquet is to take place in the Corn Exchange, which will be appropriately decorated for the occasion, many Russian trophies being exhibited. It is expected that about 1,000 Crimean officers and soldiers will be present, and accommodation will also be provided for 300 civilians and 400 ladies. A substantial dinner will be supplied, and each guest will be furnished with a bottle of pale ale and a pint of wine.

MADAME ISLE ROSA BONHEUR AT FALKIRK TRYST.—This celebrated artist was on the Tryst ground at Falkirk on Monday and Tuesday week, purchasing subjects of study. On Monday she bought two black-faced ewes and two wethers of the same stock; and on Tuesday she selected several cattle. The talented lady attracted a large share of attention during her visits to the market.

A STARTLING WELCOME.—Her Majesty had a narrow escape from a serious alarm, if not from worse consequences, on the occasion of her recent visit to Roslin. At Burdighouse it is the practice to fire a gun over the head of the bride when proceeding to be married, which is done by an old man with a rusty old musket. On the morning of Friday, when the intention of her Majesty to inspect Roslin was generally known along the road, the old man was seen shouldering his antiquated piece of ordnance, as if prepared for some celebration. He was asked by a passing gentleman what he was going to do? When he replied, "Oh, I am going to fire this over the head of the Queen when she passes my door." The gentleman was astounded, and had great difficulty in dissuading the old fellow from carrying his purpose into effect, the result of which, we need not say, would have been anything but agreeable to the Queen as an expression of loyalty, even if the old gun had not burst, which was not an unlikely event.

COMPARATIVE MORALITY.—A great battle is being waged in the newspapers of the North on the comparative morality of the Scotch and English. The Scotch are convinced that they beat the English hollow. There are two great points. The English beat their wives, which the Scotch do not. The Scotch get often "blin' fou" with whisky, which the English do not. Is it a perfect equation? Is it better to drink whisky or to beat wives?

LIGHTS ON VESSELS.—An order will shortly appear, compelling all sailing vessels, when at sea, to exhibit lights similar to those which it is now compulsory for steamers to show. We only wonder this important regulation was not sooner put in operation. Some of the recent collisions might have been avoided by this arrangement.

DISCHARGING THE ARMY WORKS CORPS.—The official discharges to the men of this corps were last week in course of delivery to all who chose to apply for them, accompanied by certificates, specifying the time of service. It is understood that the claims of the corps for compensation have been favourably entertained, and that some remuneration will be given them.

THE PROVINCES.

CRIMEAN BANQUET AT PORTSMOUTH.—On Tuesday, some 2,300 soldiers, sailors, and marines, recently returned from the Crimea, and now stationed at Portsmouth, were entertained at a grand banquet provided by the gentry and other inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The entertainment was held in a spacious pavilion, erected in the Governor's parade-ground; and the day being remarkably auspicious, a great concourse of people were present to witness the ceremony. The recipients of this spontaneous act of homage were all medal men, and many of them were also decorated with the insignia of the French Legion of Honour. Lord George Lennox, Sir George Seymour, Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Superintendant Martin, Major-General Sir Richard Dices, Commodore the Hon. Henry Keppel; Captain G. H. Seymour, &c., &c., were present at the dinner, which at once was plentiful and substantial. Two quarts of porter formed the apportioned allowance for each man, but in fact they had it ad libitum, and to each of them were given two ounces of tobacco after the repast. Mr. Nightingale, the father of Miss Nightingale, contributed a bumper of game to the festival, with a choice selection of flowers to decorate the tables. A second banquet was given on Wednesday to the officers, at which General Sir Harry Jones, General Sir W. F. Williams, and Colonels Teesdale and Lake were present.

THE EXPLOSION AT LORD WARDE'S COLLIERY.—VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.—The list of the inquests held upon the bodies of the eleven men and lads who were killed by an explosion at the colliery near Oldbury, on the 13th of August, has terminated. The jury retired, and consulted for twenty minutes. On their return, the Foreman said—"The jury have come to the conclusion that it was a wilful act of Boker only. The Coroner—You find a verdict of manslaughter? The Foreman—No, no—wilful murder! A Juror—Wilful murder; we have decided upon that, Sir. The Coroner here held a long conversation with the jury, endeavouring to find out what they meant by their verdict. At length the jury again retired for half an hour, and were in the meantime joined by the Coroner. On returning, the Foreman said—"We think that Baker wilfully did it; we cannot think that he maliciously did it. The Coroner remarked that that amounted to manslaughter only, and the verdict was recorded accordingly.

THE HOP-PICKERS.—The number of poor families drawn into Kent this year, in the hope of earning a few pounds by hop-picking, is remarkably great. The roads leading to Maidstone and other parts on Saturday and Sunday, the 6th and 7th inst., especially, and for days before, presented an appearance such as could have only been witnessed in former times by the crowds of tatterdemalions bringing up the rear of the pilgrims to Canterbury. There was a continuous stream of poor creatures, leading their helpless children, and carrying infants stowed away somewhere between their bundles of clothing and the inevitable black cooking-kettle, which harvesters and hoppers seem to cherish so fondly. Nightfall brought no cessation of arrivals. Those who had sufficient daylight left trudged off to the districts where employment was likely to be obtained, while the late comers lay down to rest their weary limbs in any sheltered spot they could find. The growers were all supplied with hands long before the end of the week, consequently, many hundreds of persons were cruelly disappointed, and were compelled to beg their way back as best they could. Some lanes and roads in the neighbourhood of the large hopgrounds have been literally lined at night by worn-out creatures, unwilling or unable to return to their homes, and seeking rest with the hope of obtaining employment on the morrow.

A LADY CARRIED HOME AGAINST HER WILL.—Some gossip has been occasioned at Reading, as we learn from the "Berkshire Chronicle," by the forcible carrying off of a lady from the house where she had been lodging. The lady was Mrs. Cherry, wife of the rector of Burghfield, about four miles from Reading, and the person who carried her off, aided by his legal adviser and other assistants, was—her husband. It appears that some months ago Mrs. Cherry left her husband's house, and returned to Reading, in which town she had for some years resided during her first husband's lifetime. It is understood that domestic difference led to this step. Mr. Cherry made repeated efforts to induce her to return to his house—once in a rather public manner. The Reverend Gentleman attended divine service at St. Giles's Church, sitting a few yards from the pew which the lady and her friends usually occupy. At its conclusion, he proceeded to the pew-door, and on Mrs. Cherry's egress compelled her to accompany him into the vestry. The vicar and other gentlemen hastened thither, and Mr. Cherry made an excited appeal to his brother clergyman to use his influence to promote a re-union. This was declined, and the lady retired alone into the vicarage. So matters stood until Monday morning of last week, when Mr. Cherry proceeded, with his solicitor, Superintendent Peck, and two constables in plain clothes, to the house occupied by the lady. The constables were placed at the rear of the house, to prevent an escape that way, the Reverend Gentleman stood with his gardener at some little distance, out of sight; his brougham was drawn up at hand, and behind that was a cart, with a stout lad as driver, it is presumed to convey the luggage. All being in readiness, the professional gentleman and the superintendent knocked at the door. They were admitted, and the door was closed. Presently one of them re-opened it, and signalled to Mr. Cherry, who rushed into the house, followed closely by his gardener. All this could not be done in so populous a thoroughfare without attracting some spectators. They heard a great bustle and confusion in the house, and loud screaming. The gardener came to the door and beckoned to the coachman, who instantly drove up to the outer gate. In the midst of the screaming the lady was seen to emerge into the passage, without bonnet or shawl; on one side of her was the gardener, on the other Superintendent Peck, and behind Mr. Cherry, assisting, and thus they conveyed her, not without considerable force, out of the house. The lady cried out in a distracted manner, "Is there no one to save me?" but she was hurried through the garden into the carriage. Mr. Cherry followed her in, Mr. Peck mounted on the box, and the coachman drove to Burghfield Rectory.

POISON BY MISTAKE.—ANOTHER INSTANCE.—The son of Colonel Broughton, of Powell Villa, near Weymouth, being unwell, Mrs. Broughton wrote to Mr. Barling, a chemist, in the following terms:—"Please send an aperient draught for a child eleven years of age." Mr. Barling was out of the way, and as is always the case when he is absent, the shop with its dispensing duties was left in charge of three apprentice youths. The letter was presented by Mrs. Broughton's nurse to one of these apprentices named Lundie, a lad of about eighteen. He read it, and said to a boy named Barrett, another apprentice, aged fourteen, "Fill a bottle with black draught." The boy thought the words were "black drops," a poison which is five times as strong as the common laudanum. Barrett filled the phial with this deadly liquid, and handed it to Lundie, who labelled it "The aperient draught," and gave it to the nurse. At nine o'clock that night the poor doomed child took the medicine from his mother's hands, immediately fell into a death-like torpor, and in less than an hour was a corpse.

THE TAMAR CATASTROPHE.—On the Monday morning after the inundation at the Tamar mine (which happened on a Sunday) many of the men proceeded to their work as usual, and were astounded to learn what had occurred, but the loss of their labour was mitigated by the feeling of thankfulness which came over them at their escape from the terrible death which, had the accident occurred on any other day, must inevitably have overtaken them. The poor fellows went about shaking hands with each other in the joy of having been so fortunately preserved. But they were nevertheless all but ruined men. All credit was stopped immediately on receipt of the intelligence, and indeed the whole neighbourhood was panic-stricken, and is rapidly becoming deserted. With regard to the miners, fifty are about to emigrate to Chili, thirty to New Zealand, and fifty to America, while many of the shopkeepers have either left or are preparing to leave. The rest of the miners have gone off into other districts to seek for employment. The Earl of Mount Edgumbe, who is lord of the manor, will, it is said, by this accident lose upwards of £500 a year.

HERO MAKING.—Colonel Perry Herbert and four of his brothers, including the Earl of Powis, were last week made burgesses of Shrewsbury. The demonstration was intended especially to celebrate the safe return of Colonel Herbert from the wars. He was escorted into the town by a squadron of yeomanry and a great company of equestrians, and was met at the Welsh Bridge by the civil authorities. At the Guildhall an address was presented to him; and in the evening a banquet was given in his honour.

ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A THEATRE.—At the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on Friday week, during the performance of the last act of "Like and Unlike," a very strong smell of gas was perceived on the stage, and in a few minutes all the foot lights went out. A gasman on the premises immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause, and underneath the stage he discovered John Ball, a carpenter occasionally employed about the theatre, in the act of removing a portion of the gas pipe which supplies the stage lights. A saw was found at his feet, evidently the instrument used in sawing the pipe through. The gas was instantly turned off at the meter, or the result would have been dreadful. Had it not been thus timely discovered, the dry stage would have been instantly in flames, or the cellars below would have become charged with gas, rendering an explosion inevitable. What the consequences of such a disaster at the time (the house was crowded) would have been, it is painful to imagine. Ball was brought up before the Police Court on Saturday, and committed for trial. He had applied the same evening for employment at the theatre, but, as he appeared intoxicated, he was refused.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.—The Gloucester musical festival of the Three Choirs proved "successful beyond anticipation" in a monetary point of view. The concert, on Thursday, attracted an immense audience, and the performance of an oratorio at the cathedral, on Friday morning, brought £319. It is anticipated that the total proceeds of the festival, applicable to its charitable purpose, will exceed £1,000—the largest amount ever yet collected.

GRAND FETE AT ASTON PARK, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—A second "fête champêtre" was given on Monday, in the beautiful park surrounding Aston Hall. The first festival was given in aid of the Queen's Hospital; the second on behalf of the Old General Hospital. Both fêtes were highly successful. The weather was fine—there was no hitch in any part of the day's programme, and a magnificent display of fireworks, surpassing anything ever seen before in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, formed a fitting finale to the varied pleasures of the day. It is calculated that not fewer than 80,000 persons were admitted into the park during the day, and the net receipts were calculated at upwards of £2,000.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

At a time when the Russian Emperor has, in accordance with the practice of the ancient Czars of Muscovy, just placed with his own hands the Imperial Crown first upon his own head and then upon the head of his fair consort, and when the admitted power of this potentate for good or evil is exciting in all quarters a strange interest in his career, the portrait of him which illustrates our pages will not be unwelcome, especially when found accompanied by a portrait of that noble lady who is understood to share his counsels and influence his judgment, and whose recent exertions in the cause of peace deserve the thanks of humanity at large.

ALEXANDER THE SECOND.

The Czar is not quite so much of a Romanoff—in blood, we mean—as he would like the world to believe, the male line of this family having become extinct with the son of that Alexis who was murdered by his father, Peter the Great. The actual dynasty of Russia is a branch of the German house of Holstein, and proceeds, in fact, from Charles Peter Ulric, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, son of the eldest daughter of the Czar Peter. The sovereigns who have occupied the throne of Russia during the last century issue from German races. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that the rulers of Russia should seek alliances in Germany for the princes and princesses of their house; and consequently, when Alexander the First was on the throne, nothing would satisfy him but a Princess of Hohenzollern for his younger brother Nicholas. The Czar accordingly applied to the King of Prussia, and after considerable negotiation on the subject, his wish was gratified.

Nicholas was about twenty-four, but held no conspicuous place in the government of the empire, when, on the 29th of April, 1818, his son Alexander was born. Indeed, his first public act was writing a letter to the Archbishop of Moscow announcing the birth of the infant, and vowing, in memory of the occasion, to erect a chapel to Saint Alexander Newsky.

The youthful prince had passed seven years under the tender care of his mother, when the death of one uncle, and the renunciation of the crown by another, gave the throne of the Czars to Nicholas, and made Alexander hereditary Grand Duke. While his father was suppressing insurrections and baffling revolutions, the Grand Duke was under the tuition of generals and teachers, whose fame, though they were doubtless good enough men in their own way, has not crossed the western frontier. However, he sedulously cultivated the literature of the west; and to this, and his intercourse with accomplished personages at the Court of St. Petersburg, the Czar is said to owe his education. As the Czarowitch grew up, his mildness was such, that his father used to say, he would never be able to govern the Russians, and Cusine predicted, that if he should ever ascend the throne, he would make himself obeyed, not by terror, but by the attraction of his inherent grace.

The Marquis Cusine gives us a glimpse of the present Czar, as he appeared some eighteen years since. "On arrival at the baths of Ems, in Nassau, I found myself at the side of the Grand Duke, among the curious crowd, as he alighted from his carriage. Before entering the house, he stood for a long time at the door of the baths, in conversation with a Russian lady, so that I had time to examine him. He looks his exact age, which is twenty. His person is tall, but a little too stout for so young a man. His manner is agreeable, his gait noble, and without the stiffness of the soldier; and the peculiar grace which distinguishes him, recalls the singular charm belonging to the Selave race. There is not the vivacious passion of warm countries, nor the imperturbable coldness of the north, but a mixture of southern simplicity and adaptability with Scandinavian melancholy. The Slaves are white Arabs. The Grand Duke is more than half German; but there are German Slaves in Mecklenburg as well as in some parts of Holstein and Prussia. Notwithstanding his youth, the Prince's face is not so agreeable as his figure. His complexion has lost its freshness; it is visible that he is a sufferer. The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye, with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique, or the portraits of the Empress Catherine. His voice has a melodious tone—a thing rare in his family, and a gift he has received from his mother. He stands out among the younger men of his suite

without anything to stamp the distance observable between them, unless it be the perfect grace of his whole person. The Prince's expression is one of kindness. His step is light and noble—truly that of a Prince. His air is modest, without timidity, which is a great point for all about him. Such

In his capacity of head of all the military academies, he laid before Nicholas a plan, drawn up by himself, for obliging students at the universities and higher civil schools, to receive instructions in the first elements of military education, and particularly the duty and manœuvres of companies and battalions, so that they might be useful as preliminary officers, in case of their services being required by the state; and the plan he thus proposed was adopted. Moreover, Alexander, during his father's life, not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Russian system of government, but made himself personally acquainted with the ability and character of all the general officers of state, and principal functionaries of the empire; and people who had good opportunities of studying his character, predicted that when called to the throne, he would display an energy for which few gave him credit.

One matter caused great uneasiness to those who wished the Crown Prince well. Between him and his brother Constantine there was supposed to exist a very bad feeling. Constantine saw the light two years after Nicholas had ascended the throne, and the circumstance of his having thus been "born in the purple," raised in their young days a dispute between the brothers, Constantine asserting that he was the eldest son of the Emperor, since at Alexander's birth Nicholas had only been Grand Duke. Constantine disliked his brother's inclination for books and the society of men of culture, and proclaimed, both in and out of season, that the Czar should be a soldier. Alexander regretted his brother's tendencies, held that other men besides soldiers were necessary to the state, and indicated his opinion by appearing as often as possible out of uniform. The Czar Nicholas perceived with apprehension the opposite courses which his sons were taking, and as early as 1843, at the birth of Alexander's first child, required Constantine to swear fidelity on the holy Gospels to the heir of his throne.

When the Emperor Nicholas was suddenly attacked by that illness which terminated his life, Alexander was his only son present at St. Petersburg; but a telegraphic message brought Constantine in time to see his father alive. When both were there, Nicholas made over to Alexander the imperial crown, and obtained from both of them a solemn promise to remain for ever united in order to save their country; and the Grand Duke Constantine vowed to be the future Emperor's first subject.

When the news spread abroad that Nicholas had gone to his account, the various dignitaries of the empire hastened to visit the deathbed, and gave evidence of their dismay at the aspect of affairs. But the heir of the departed Czar at once declared his intention to enter on the government of the empire, and was immediately proclaimed as Alexander the Second. The same afternoon, the Estates of the Empire and the military stationed at St. Petersburg did homage, and a council, under the presidency of the new Czar, resolved not in any way to interrupt the course of the war then waging with England and France. Alexander's first act was to issue a manifesto, notifying his accession, and declaring, in general terms, his intention to uphold the glory of the empire, as the glory of the empire had been upheld by Peter, Catherine, and his late father. Never did any Czar assume authority with more absolute power! Whenever he could, he used it for the restoration of peace. "The war," he is reported to have said, when there was a prospect of accommodating matters, "has only been an accident, or rather a misunderstanding. It will not have changed in any way the good personal relations between the Russians and the French, who have some remarkable points of resemblance. They have certainly fought too long, but it has always been with courtesy and humanity. The Russian prisoners have been treated by the French, not as enemies, but as brothers; and I have been anxious that proper treatment should be shown to the prisoners whom the fortune of war has thrown into our hands. When peace shall have been signed—and everything leads me to believe that it is about to be so—France and Russia may hold out the hand to each other—may esteem and love each other as in the past; for although the struggle has been warm, it has been carried on in all honour and without hatred."

The character of the Emperor and of his brother have been thus described:—

"The goodness and courtesy of the Emperor are generally recognised; the secret of the obstinacy he displays is to be attributed to the influence possessed over him by those who surround his person. The clergy have likewise a great ascendancy over his mind, for Alexander II. is very pious,



MARIE-ALEXANDROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

as he is, the Grand Duke of Russia still seemed to me one of the finest models of a prince I had ever met."

While hereditary Grand Duke, Alexander did not aspire to divide the power or direct the policy of his father; but he was the reverse of inactive.

and sincerely believes in the infallibility of the ministers of the orthodox faith. The Grand Duke Constantine has often had violent altercations with his Imperial brother, and has affected in several ceremonies not to place himself beside his Sovereign, as likewise at reviews and in councils; he proclaimed through his creatures that 'he would have nothing in common with a Romanoff who cared so little for the honour of his name or for the dignity of his crown as to meditate a treaty with the Western Powers.' It is believed that the Grand Duke has since made the *amende honorable*, but little credit is placed in this statement, for the Grand Duke is not a man to disown the worst decision he may have advanced."

THE EMPRESS MARIE-ALEXANDROWNA.

When the present Czar had, as Hereditary Grand Duke, attained to years of discretion, Nicholas, deeming it time that his son should look out for a wife, worthy, as years passed on, of figuring as Empress of Russia, sent him on a matrimonial tour through Europe.

The way in which the Muscovite Princes got wives in other days was extremely simple. It was the fashion of the old Czars to issue an order that all the most beautiful damsels in their dominions should, without regard to social rank, repair to Moscow, and from among these fitting brides were selected. Such was the system under which Natalie, the mother of Peter the Great, became Czarina; but as the Muscovite Princes rose in the world, this system went out of fashion, and they looked for wives towards the courts of Europe. Serious inconvenience was the result. For a long time European Princesses would have nothing to do with them, and the marriage of the late Czar was thought a grand affair for the house of Romanoff. It was the first time a Princess of Prussia had renounced her faith and left her country to grace and civilise the Russian court. Indeed, we are told how Frederick the Great was in the habit of saying, with a peculiar sneer, that he did the Czar sufficient honour when he allowed such fellows to marry the daughters of his generals in Oldenburg or in Anhalt. However, times had considerably changed when Nicholas sent his heir over Europe to hunt out a wife; and there was little chance of such a wooer being treated with scorn.

The Hereditary Grand Duke visited several German courts, where so many fair nymphs are perpetually ready for the royal marriage mart, but could not, for some time, find exactly the wife he sought. At length fortune conducted the wandering Prince to the court of Hesse-Darmstadt; and he was presented to the Princess Mary, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse. She was just sixteen—having been born in 1824—and singularly beautiful. Her character was distinguished by simplicity, and her greatest pleasure was to escape from court life and ceremonies to climb the hills in the neighbourhood of her father's palace, or make purchases in the quiet little town, or visit, on beneficent errand, some peasant's cottage by the wayside. The Muscovite Prince was fascinated. She was just the sort of person to sympathise with his views; and, in April, 1841, they were married—she changing her name to that by which she is known to the subjects of her husband.

When Nicholas fell suddenly from the orbit of greatness, and left his son the fearful legacy of a hopeless and humiliating war, the Empress is understood to have exercised her influence to bring about an honourable peace. She is represented to be a mild, excellent woman, beloved and respected by all, who under the mask of indifference conceals a tender, generous, and humane heart, a soul equal to her position. Gifted with superior intelligence, she knows how to keep within bounds the two parties which are actually contending for the upper hand in Russia. Better than the Empress Dowager, whose ambition was confined to the affection of Nicholas, the reigning Empress has gained an ascendancy over her husband which he does not attempt to throw off. She knows how to keep up a good understanding between her husband and his brothers, especially with the Grand Duke Constantine.

The Empress of Russia is a tall, lady-like woman, who dresses in excellent taste, and is in figure not unlike the Empress Eugenie.

The Empress Marie Alexandrowna is mother of three sons and a daughter, viz., the Grand Duke Nicholas, born in September, 1843; Alexander, born in March, 1845; Vladimir, born in April, 1847; Mary, born in October, 1852.

The Hereditary Grand Duke has now attained his 11th year. His features bear some resemblance to his grandfather, the Czar Nicholas,

and he also resembles him in many points of his character. The vivacity natural to his age is tempered by an expression of great kindness, which he appears to inherit both from his father and his mother.

the first time. Here is an account of the proceedings, which ought to have accompanied the illustration in our last number.

At nine o'clock in the morning the procession was formed in the square before the Senate-house, inside the Kremlin. The General in command,

Osten-Sacken, on horseback, halted in the centre of the open space; on his right hand, a little in the rear, a squadron of the Chevalier Garde, and on his left a squadron of the Garde à Cheval, were drawn up in parade order; the trumpeters of each squadron were posted on the flanks, and six led horses, with rich caparisons, were stationed in a line on each side of the trumpets. In front of the General were the two secretaries of the Senate. An aide-de-camp general, a grand master of the ceremonies, a herald-at-arms, and two masters of the ceremonies, in full costume, were placed at each side of Osten-Sacken, and behind him were four trumpeters, with trumpets of silver, magnificently draped with cloth of gold, embroidered with the Imperial arms. The masters of the ceremonies wore tri-coloured scarfs, embroidered with gold, and the heralds-at-arms were as richly and fantastically clad as Norroy or Clarenceux could desire. Shortly after the assistants had taken their places, the General raised his hand and gave an order in Russian, whereupon the trumpets burst out into a wild and startling flourish, the heralds raised their maces in the air, and all having uncovered their heads, one of the secretaries read as follows:—

THE PROCLAMATION.

"Our very august, very high, and very puissant Lord, the Emperor Alexander Nicolaievitch, being mounted on the throne of his ancestors, which is that of All the Russias, as well as upon those of the kingdom of Poland and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from it, has deigned to order that the coronation of his Imperial Majesty and his oath shall take place on the 26th of the month of August, his august spouse the Empress Marie-Alexandrowna participating in this sacred ceremony. This solemn act is announced by the present proclamation to all faithful subjects, to the end that on this happy day they may redouble their fervour in their prayers to the King of kings, that He may spread by His Almighty power His favours and blessings on the reign of his Majesty, and that throughout its duration he may maintain peace and tranquillity, to the glory of His holy name, and for the unalterable prosperity of the empire."

Let us hope that "all the people cried 'Amen'" to this prayer. May it be heard.

Then the heralds-at-arms scattered printed copies of the proclamation among the people, which were very eagerly caught up, and the trumpets of the cavalry played "God save the Czar!" The crowd cheered loudly, and many knelt down and prayed. The procession then re-formed, and passed out through the Saviour's Gate to the place where the monument to Minine and Pojarsky is erected, as follows:—First, four led horses very richly caparisoned, two led horses for the heralds, four for the grand masters of the ceremonies, two for the general-in-chief, a squadron of the Chevalier Gardes, preceded by trumpets and kettle drums, two heralds preceded by the four trumpeters with silver trumpets and flags, four masters of the ceremonies, two and two, General Osten-Sacken, two aides-de-camp general, the two secretaries, and a squadron of the Gardes à Cheval. The proclamation was again made in the same form as before, and then the cortege was divided into two bodies of equal size, each composed of the functionaries of similar rank, which separated and proceeded to the various gates and principal points of the town, where the proclamation was again made, and copies distributed to the people. When this ceremonial was finished, the masters of the ceremonies proceeded in great state, in gold coaches, to the residence of the different ambassadors, to announce the day fixed for the coronation.

The Red Market Place, the scene of the ceremony of proclaiming the coronation of the Emperor, which our artist has selected for his sketch, is deserving of particular notice, from the peculiar contrast presented by the buildings with which it is surrounded. In the background rises the church of Vassili-Blagennoi, or the blessed Saint Basil, which was erected exactly three centuries since, by the Czar Ivan Vassiliévitch, the Terrible, as an offering for the conquest of Riasan.

This building is one of the most extraordinary that the imagination of an architect was capable of producing. The number of its cupolas, which differ from each other by some variation in the details of their decorations, its grotesque spire, and the fantastical colours with which its



ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

PROCLAMATION OF THE CORONATION IN THE RED MARKET PLACE, MOSCOW.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the Czar's coronation, of which we gave an engraving last week, took place, with much form, on the 14th inst., for

exterior is painted, these incongruities and contrasts alike puzzle and please the beholder.

The two small lodges, with dome roofs, adjoining the tower to the right of the cathedral, guard, as it were, the entrance to the Sacred Gate, through which all who pass must do so with the head uncovered. According to tradition, this custom was introduced after the deliverance of Moscow, when it was besieged by the Tartars—a deliverance which was looked upon by the inhabitants in the light of a miracle. Facing one side of the cathedral is a round stage, the ancient use of which has hitherto baffled the researches of historians. It is known as the Lobno-Mesto, or, in other words, as the Muscovite Capitol. According to popular rumour, skulls and other human remains have been found here, which are supposed to have been buried at the time the Kremlin was exposed to continual sieges. Some of the Muscovite historians believe that this stage was used in former times for reading proclamations to the people from, while others are disposed to think that it was the common place of execution.

The colossal statue erected in front of the Merchants' Hall was cast by Martos, a celebrated Russian artist, who also executed the statue of the Duke of Richelieu, for the city of Odessa. The group illustrates an historical event of the seventeenth century. During an interregnum, Russia was oppressed by the Swedes and Poles, and was menaced with total ruin, when an obscure citizen of Nijny Novgorod, named Minin, supported by Prince Pozarsky, a brave and experienced soldier, succeeded in shaking off the foreign yoke, and firmly re-established the throne, which was ascended by the Czar Michael Feodorovitch, whose good fortune it was to secure peace to his country.

THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar is now the Lord's anointed. The great ceremony which has consecrated his power in the eyes of so many millions of his subjects has been performed with rare precision and success, and with a magnificence to which no previous historical pageant can claim superiority. The day was beautiful. At sunrise all Moscow was up and stirring, and ere it was day the hum of voices and the tramp of feet rose from the streets. At six o'clock the Kremlin was assaulted by a sea of human beings, who lashed themselves angrily against the gates, and surged in like waves through the portals. This is to the Russians what the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals, and the universities, all in one, would be to an Englishman:—"It is the heart and the soul of Moscow, as Moscow is the heart and the soul of Russia." It is her historical monument and the temple of her faith. Against these walls have been broken the hordes which for so many centuries sought to destroy in its cradle the Hercules which was born to crush them, and within them have passed most of the great events which are the landmarks in Russian history. Here is all that is most precious and most sacred to the Russian race—the tombs of the kings, dukes, and czars, the palaces, the cathedrals, the treasures, the tribunals, the holy images, the miraculous relics, so dear to this giant of the Slavonic race. In form it is an irregular polygon, with a tower at each angle of the walls. It is bounded by the river on one side, and by boulevards marking the course of an ancient stream, now as dry as Cephissus, on the other, and its walls define accurately the size of the whole city of Moscow in the days of the early Czsars.

From an early hour it was a hard struggle to reach the gates. A mass of officers, of ladies in full dress, of monks, of well-clad bourgeois, of strange peasants from distant countries, of technicians in official costume, blazoned with stars, and orders, and crosses, ret and fume at the narrow entrance, which is blocked up with carriages, horses, droshkies, and soldiers.

THE HALLS OF ST. GEORGE AND ST. ANDREW.

At length we ascend the broad staircase, which, in two flights, reaches from the court to the upper storey of the palace, and to the esplanade outside the Hall of St. Andrew. Here a wide door opens into the ante-chamber—in itself a hall—to the Hall of St. George. This staircase is covered with scarlet cloth, from which it derives its name (Krasnoi Krito), and it is lined on both sides and at both landings by the Chevalier Garde, in gilt casques, with silver eagles as crest-gilt cuirass, white coats, dark blue trousers with red stripes. The hall into which we enter is a magnificent apartment, white and gold, sustained by a colonnade of ten pillars and two ranges of "pillars" sustaining the architraves, richly ornamented. At the end is a fine statue of St. George, the patron saint of Moscow, killing the dragon, and the cross and star of the order, richly gilt, are emblazoned all over the walls. The floor is of the finest parquetry of many woods, and is highly polished. On the wall opposite the windows are notices emblazoned in Slavonic, reminding the readers of the glories of Russian history; sofas with gilt legs and yellow and black coverings are placed at this side, but there is no other furniture in it. Above the three arched doorways which lead one to the Hall of St. Vladimir is a choir for an orchestra; at the further extremity is the Hall of St. Alexander Nevsky. This is built of rose-coloured marble, covered with gilding and emblazonments of the ensigns of the order, and, like the Hall of St. George, it is filled with a multitude of officers, ministers, and members of the Imperial Court, and of all the Courts of Europe.

From the Salle d'Alexandre we pass on to the Hall of St. Andrew, at the end of which is the Imperial throne in purple and gold, with seven steps ascending to it. Above is emblazoned "L'Œil de Dieu," surrounded by a golden glory. The walls are covered with blue, the colour of St. Andrew riband, with the armorial bearings of all the kingdoms, principalities, duchies, and provinces of the Russian empire, and between the windows are represented in gilt relief the crown and cross of the Apostle. At the upper end of the hall, on the left-hand side, there is a great crowd of persons at one side of a small table. They are feasting their eyes on the crown, the sceptre, and the globe, which will be used presently in the great ceremony of the day.

OLD DOGS OF WAR.

Turning away from these important ingredients in the ceremonial of to-day, let us look at what is curious or worthy of notice in the hall itself. In two long lines, from door to door of the Hall of St. Andrew and the Hall of St. George, are drawn up the Grenadiers of the Palace, the veterans of the old war. Those fine old soldiers were more interesting and attractive than all the display of riches and the blaze of gold and silver around and above us. Their dress recalled the days of those Titanic struggles which shook all Europe. The huge bearskin cap, with white tassels and gilt cords, the ample broad-chested coat and cross-belts, and the white pantaloons with many buttons at the outer side from the knee to the foot, reminded one of the time when Kutusoff, and Blucher, and Murat, and Wellington, were the heroes of fast-recurring battles. These men are picked from various regiments, with some regard perhaps to size, but certainly with undoubted claims on the score of service, for there is not one of them who does not bear five or six ribands and crosses or medals on his breast.

As you walk along that wall of soldiers it is difficult to believe that they have lived under three emperors, and have fought against the great Napoleon. They are all in perfect preservation. The only things to betray old age are a certain stiffness about the knee and those implacable and invincible and inevitable wrinkles which will come upon us as records of so many lustres. The hair is jet black, the moustache is lustrous and dark as the boot which was wont to affright the *feline* of our boyhood, and the whiskers—for old Russia wore whiskers—are of the same fine polish. The surprise into which you may be thrown at such evidences of juvenility on the part of men who have seen the horrors of the Beresina, and who beheld Murat turn his back at Yaroslavl, is removed, however, when you see that the veteran who touches his moustache blackens the fingers of his glove; he has had his hair dyed just as his boots have been polished—for effect. Some of these veterans are historical monuments—some have served under Suwaroff at Ismail and in Italy—others have marched triumphantly into Paris—others have crossed the Balkans with Diebitch. Of all their numerous decorations these veterans seem to prize the Paris medal and riband the most, and they point to it with great pride, though it hangs amid memorials of tremendous battlefields. How these rugged old warriors, the relics of Austerlitz, Friedland, Eylau, Pultowsk, and the Borodino, must smile in their hearts at the medal which has this day been given away to nearly all Russia on account of the late war.

THE GUESTS AT THE KREMLIN.

In the alleys formed between these old soldiers, and in the intervals between the rear of the line and the sides of the hall, moved the most gorgeous crowd that it is possible to fancy—one ever shifting play of colour changing like some rich web shot with various hues, in which green, gold, and silver predominate. The casques of the officers, surmounted with long tri-coloured plumes, yellow, black, and white, of cocks' feathers, are well suited for effect whatever way they are worn, and inside the halls as they were borne on the owners' arms, those plumes fluttered or drooped gracefully over the polished steel or silver of the head-piece; the Heralds-at-Arms strutted about in lemon-coloured long boots with gilt spurs, slashed doublets of cloth of gold, and tabards emblazoned with the arms of the Empire, and Spanish hose. In a quiet group, beside a golden pillar, there stands Gortschakoff, whose name will be ever associated with that masterly retreat which deprived France and England of half their triumph. The Prince is covered with orders, crosses, and ribands, stars of diamonds glitter on his breast; but there is an air of gravity and ease about him which shows that these honours have not been lightly bought. His eyes are dim, and the use of a pair of black-mounted spectacles adds to the severity of the expression of his face. In another group near the Prince may be seen the intrepid little naval officer Biruleff, who has received high marks of favour from his countrymen for his conduct at Sebastopol. He led no less than thirteen sorties against the Allied trenches, and escaped unhurt till the last, when he was badly wounded, and retired to Moscow to reap the fruits of his intrepidity. In another spot, Prince Menschikoff, who is still a favourite with the Russians, is speaking with his usual dryness of manner to an attentive little audience. Todleben is also in the hall, but he is lost in the crowd of generals and statesmen. There, too, is the second Gortschakoff, who is as celebrated as his great relative; and the bluff soldierly and intelligent-looking aide-de-camp General Luders, whose arrival with fabulous reinforcements was our constant bugbear in the Crimea.

Amid these warriors and statesmen, ladies in full Court dress are pressing towards the inner apartments of the palace, radiant with diamonds, for the display of which the Muscovite head-dress now in vogue is peculiarly adapted. This consists of a high circlet or coronet of satin velvet or cloth, which encompasses the top of the head, and is studded with precious stones. Persians, in high black sheepskin caps, and rich loose dresses of finest silk, and gossamer shawls—flat-faced Tartar deputies, wild delegates from the further Caspian littoral, Georgians, Circassians, Alabasses, Telcherkeses, Mingrelians, Ourelians, Mozuls, Gouriens, Daghestanians, Koords, Lapps, Kalmducks, Kirgisses, Cossacks—mingling with Russians, French, English, Spaniards, Romans, Greeks, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Danes—here was an epitome of the Asiatic and European races, all in their finest bravery, mingling together in the narrow compass of two grand halls.

It is now seven o'clock. The echoes of the cannon shake the old Kremlin twenty-one times in rapid succession. This is the signal for the various persons engaged in the ceremonial to repair to the places indicated in the programme. There is a perceptible movement among the uniforms, and turning to the left we come out upon the end of the *peron rouge*, or Krasnoi Krito, at which is placed the baldachin, or canopy, beneath which the Emperor and Empress will march to the Church of the Assumption. It is of orange-coloured cloth of gold, embroidered with Imperial eagles, and is held up by sixteen wands of silver gilt, ornamented with yellow, black, and white ribands. On the hangings are embroidered the Emperor's cipher, surmounted by a crown, surrounded with the Order of St. Andrew. It is surmounted with eighteen aigrettes of tri-coloured ostrich feathers, and is embroidered with the arms of the Empire, as well as those of Kazan, Astrakhan, Poland, Siberia, of Tauris, Kieff, Vladimir, Novgorod, Finland and other devices. By the canopy there is for the present only an escort of the Grenadiers à Cheval, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Finshawe, a nephew of our stout Admiral who commanded the sailing squadron at the great naval review at Spithead some years ago. At present the silver batons are upheld by private soldiers only, and they evidently regard it as a most solemn and sacred affair. Everyone who passes beneath the canopy to and fro uncovers his head.

THE GLORIES OF THE BANQUETING-ROOM.

Passing through the crowd along the upper landing, over a rich scarlet cloth, we come again to the doorway which we first entered the Palace. The old Grenadiers are still standing as rigid and steady as before. Let us go in again, and turn to the right, passing between a wall of soldiers. Let us enter the banquetting-hall. Surely here are the riches of the world! Such a glare of gold plate, such a wild profusion of goblets, vases, cups, salvers, heaped on tables, massed on sideboards or carved stands along the walls of this glittering room! This is the Granovitaya Palata, the Hall of the Ancient Czsars. The low many-arched roof of the hall is sustained by a huge square pillar in the centre, round which is placed a platform with reeding ledges to the height of nine or ten feet, each ledge groaning with ancient vases and dishes in gold and silver. Some of these are of the quaintest form and curious workmanship—models of old castles and palaces, strange animals, battle-pieces, birds—craftily worked in past centuries by forgotten descendants of Tubal Can, and each a museum in itself. On the right hand of the hall, on entering, there is a buffet which seems crushed beneath the masses of gold vessels upon it, each a study, but enriched above all by the grand cup from Benvenuto's own hand, for which Russia paid the sum of £10,000 sterling. On the left there is an estrade for the orchestra and for the singers, among whom are Lablache, Dumeril, Bosio, Calzolari, and Tagliacoe. It is covered with crimson purple velvet, with gold fringes and borders. The Imperial throne is placed at the end of the room, opposite the buffet on the right hand side. Three steps, covered with gold embroidered purple velvet, lead to the platform on which the throne is placed. Above there is a canopy, with an *imperiale* of cloth of gold covered with Imperial eagles, with a crown in the centre on a cushion of velvet and cloth of gold, with fringes and acorns of gold, shot with yellow, black, and white. The edge of the top of the canopy is carved and gilt, and in the centre is a shield of the Imperial cypher, with the Imperial crown above, encompassed by the collar of the order of St. Andrew. At each side are smaller shields, with the collar of St. Andrew around them, richly emblazoned, and all three are draped with Imperial standards. At the ends of the top of the canopy there are aigrettes of ostrich plumes, dyed yellow, white, and black. Beneath, at the back of the throne, is displayed the Imperial mantle of ermine, with the arms of the empire in a golden border in the centre, and the Imperial cypher profusely emblazoned on it. The edges of the steps of the platform are ornamented with large salvers and goblets of gold, on pedestals of malachite and gold; the three ancient thrones of the Czsars are placed beneath the dais, and on the left there is a table for the crown, sceptre, and globe, covered with crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and a cloth of gold beneath it.

There is a table at the step to the platform, which is to be borne up to the thrones when the banquet commences by three of the High Chamberlains of the empire. On the left of the pillar are two tables extending the whole length of the room for the guests. These are weighed down likewise with gold and silver plates, goblets, plateaux, cpergnes, and salvers. The chairs of white and gold, with crimson velvet seats, are placed at the left sides of the tables only, so that all the guests will have their faces turned towards their Majesties.

THE COURT OF THE KREMLIN—THE AMBASSADORS.

Such are the glories of the banquet room of the Czar. If you do not wish to be as miserable as Midas, come forth into the fresh air, and get a look at the pure blue sky, which is shining with heaven's own brightness. Descend the scarlet staircase between files of the Chevalier Guard, the Garde à Cheval, the Cuirassiers of the Guard, the Grenadiers of the Guard—all now dismounted and forming a fence bristling with sabres between the scarlet cloth and the nobility. Pass by the Church of the Assumption, and out under the archway to the outer court of the Kremlin—the scarlet cloth is still beneath our feet, and the raised estrade on which the Emperor walks after leaving the church is carried round outside into the outer court close to the galleries erected for the occasion till it re-enters the inner court by the archway at the south-eastern extremity. This estrade is protected by a railing, and at each side there is a wall of soldiers, part of which—a detachment of the Laucers of the Guard—is commanded by

Major Hall, who is descended from an English family. And here I must mention that among the Russian officers I have met there are bearers of the names of Ramsay, Greig, Bell, Ochertony, &c. The first—who is the descendant of an old Scottish family bearing the arms of Dalhousie—is one of the ablest generals in the service, and was specially engaged in the defence of Finland; the others are most likely the representatives of those adventurous soldiers and sailors of fortune who flocked from Scotland to lead the battalions of Northern Europe to victory by their discipline, valour, and sagacity. The foreign ambassadors and ministers, who had assembled at the palace of M. de Morny, at eight o'clock descend from their carriages at the northern angle of this outer estrade.

Count de Morny, on his arrival, is received by a High Chamberlain in waiting. His Excellency is dressed *de rigueur*, and is really a well-appointed, "fine-looking gentleman." Some of his suite have arrived on horseback, and the other carriages of the embassy are rather put into the shade by the splendour of their chiefs. He is attended by M. Pandin, first secretary; Vicomte L'Epiné, second secretary; Vicomte Simey, Marquis de Rennes, Marquis de Sayve, Comte Joachim Murat, Comte de Lavalette, the Duc de Gramont d'Antouss, Marquis de Courtaulx, Comte d'Hindlstein, General Lelout (Artillery of the Guard), General Frossard (Engineers), General Danton (Infantry), Colonel Reille (État-major), all Crimeans; Prince de Montemont (Hussars), Marquis de Galle, Comte d'Espeville, and M. de Lapeyrolle, officers of cavalry and staff, all in full uniform. They proceed along the scarlet cloth to the north gate of the cathedral, where they take the places assigned to them.

The next carriage, which is not so showy, but is in other respects at least as good as the Count's coach, is that of the English Ambassador, who, with the Comte de Granville, descend, are received by the Chamberlain, and in like manner enter the Cathedral. Lord Granville is dressed in the Windsor uniform, and his wife, who to all our eyes is dressed with great richness and taste, is quite glorious with diamonds. The second carriage contains the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, the Earl of Lincoln, and Colonel the Hon. Arthur Hardinge; the third, Lord Granville's brother and Lady Margaret Leveson-Gower, Lord Ward, and Colonel Maude, Royal Horse Artillery; the others, Sir R. Peel and Lady Emily Peel and Lord Ashley, Lord Seymour, the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, &c.; there were also in attendance Lord Cavendish, Lord Dalkeith, Captain King, Mr. Latet, Sir John Acton, Sir R. King. May it be said, we were all proud of our fair countrywomen, who might have well dared comparison, had there been any to institute, with the ladies of other Embassies. The fact is, that there were none, for ours is the only Embassy with "ladies" attached; and as for the Legations, there are only two—that of the United States (to which Mrs. Colt and Miss Jarvis are attached) and of Saxony (which is represented by the Baron and Baroness de Saxe)—which are gallant enough to come with their wives to Moscow.

And now, amid a little battalion of bare-headed running footmen a very fine old coach, with a poor team of horses, drives up, and from it descends a very fine old gentleman indeed, somewhat gone in years, but dignified and splendid in air and attire. It is Prince Paul Esterhazy, Ambassador of Austria. He is dressed in pure silk or velvet, with a Hussar jacket of the same material, braided all over with pearls. Diamonds flash forth from all the folds of his clothing. His maroon-coloured boots, which come up to the knee, are encased with pearls and diamonds, and on his heels are spurs of brilliants, which glitter finely in the sunshine.

THE PROCESSION.

It is now about ten o'clock, and the crowd clears away to the seats as the head of a grand procession begins to appear on the upper landing of the scarlet staircase issuing from the palace before us. Preceded by masters of ceremonies, chamberlains, and attended by a magnificent retinue, the Empress Alexandra, in an Imperial mantle, with a crown of diamonds on her head, walks along the upper landing, beneath a canopy like that of the Emperor, and begins to descend the steps amid the acclamations of the people. She is accompanied by the Grand Dukes and by the Grand Duchesses, and is followed by the foreign Princes, Maids of Honour, and ladies of her Court, and thus she slowly and feebly passes on before us to the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where she is received by the clergy with the cross and holy water, and then she enters the building with her suite, and is lost to sight. All this time there is a tremendous ringing of bells from the towers of Moscow; but above them all sounds the great throb of the bell close at hand in the tower of Ivan Veliki (John the Great). As the last of the Empress-Mother's attendants leaves the upper landing of the scarlet staircase, a peloton of the Chevalier Gardes, with two officers, come forth from the palace, and the Imperial procession passes by.

[As we shall illustrate the procession in future numbers, we reserve a detailed description of it for that occasion.]

When the Imperial canopy comes in sight, and the Emperor presents himself to the people, not cheers, but loud shrill cries, overpower the tolling of the bells; the crash of arms, and the loud flourishes of drums and trumpets rise all around us. The Emperor, who possesses the personal advantages of the Romanoff family—a fine erect and stately figure—marched with a measured stride, and bowed right and left as he passed down to the estrade. The Empress followed behind him, under the same canopy, with thirteen ladies of honour around her, and her appearance was the signal for repeated outbursts of cheering. Her Majesty was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and presented a most charming contrast to the glare by which she was surrounded. There was a gracefulness in her movements—a quiet dignity and gentleness which touched every heart, and turned every eye even from the person of her Imperial husband. As the canopy or baldachin was borne down the steps amid the sheen of glittering sword blades flourished at the presence of the Emperor, the picture offered by the court of the Kremlin was such as one seldom sees—the splendour of the pageant, the steady lines of the soldiery, the waving masses of the galleries as they rocked to and fro in their homage and ecstasy.

The Metropolitans of Moscow and of Novgorod stood at the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and as their Majesties approached, the former presented them the Holy Hood to kiss, which they did most reverently, and the latter sprinkled them with holy water.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION—THE CEREMONY.

We are now inside the cathedral with them, and are about to witness a ceremony instinct with meaning and full of sacred solemnity to the mind of the unsophisticated Russian. He finds himself in the centre of the magnificent church, every inch of whose walls glitters with gold, and whose pictorial sides offer to his eyes allegorical representations of his faith. On the one hand he sees the saints under the altar of the Apocalypse, looking up to heaven with the agonised cry, "How long, O Lord?" On the other, he views the avenging flames glaring out of the pit of the wicked; while from the top of the gorgeous ceiling a gigantic head of the Saviour looks down in peace, and gives consolation to his soul. All around him are the sacred relics and images of the saints, and before him, raised on a platform, and under a canopy of velvet and gold, are the thrones prepared for the Emperor and Empress, the inauguration of whose Heaven-bestowed power he is about to witness. The Empress-Dowager and the Imperial family have already entered the church and taken their places on the platform around the thrones. Amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the populace, the young Emperor and his bride reach the entrance of the church. And now they detach themselves from the crowd of officials about them, and passing along the gorgeous screen that separates the chancel from the church, they fall on their knees before the images of the saints, kiss with fervent reverence the sacred relics, and offer up silent prayers to Heaven. Let the perfect grace and earnestness with which the young Empress performs these acts be noted. She is richly attired in a white robe, studded with the finest jewels, but her head is adorned only by her own luxuriant hair, without a single ornament. Her right hand is ungloved, and with this she repeatedly crosses herself as she performs her religious offices, not mechanically, as if going through part of a prescribed ceremony, but fervently, religiously, and with the grace of perfect womanhood. And now the Emperor, followed by his bride, mounts the platform of the throne, and repeats from a book delivered to him by the Archbishop of Moscow the confession of his Christian faith. He then receives the benediction of the Archbishop, and suddenly the choir, which has hitherto preserved silence, bursts out in psalms and praise to God, and the holy building vibrates with the ring of their harmonious voices. There is no

note of organ nor sound of other instrument. The singers, admirably organised, and chanting with astonishing power and precision, need no support; the plaintive soprano voices of the boys rise clear and distinct above the deep tones of the rich basses, and the sustained harmony, solemn and affecting, throbs through the holy building.

But already the Imperial mantle of silver and ermine, richly studded with gems, is in the hands of the Archbishop, who proceeds to clasp it round the shoulders of his Majesty. Another moment, and the great crown sits on the Imperial head, and the sceptre and globe are then delivered to his Majesty, who, thus invested, seats himself on the throne.

The Empress now approaches with a meek yet dignified air, and falls on her knees before the Emperor. His Majesty, lifting the Crown from his own head, touches with it that of the Empress, and again seats it on his own brows. A lesser crown is then brought, which the Emperor places on the head of the Empress, where it is properly adjusted by the Mistress of the Robes, and his Majesty, having invested his bride with the Imperial mantle, draws her towards him and tenderly embraces her. This is the signal for the whole Imperial family, with the foreign Princes, to approach and congratulate their Majesties, and nothing can be more touching than the spectacle, from the evident earnestness with which embraces are received and returned. There is scarcely a dry eye among the masses crowded in the church, as the feeble frame of the Empress-Mother totters with outstretched arms towards the Imperial Son, and passionately clasps and holds him in a long embrace; and tears and smiles mingle together as the little Grand Dukes are seen to clamber up to the side of their father and uncle, who have to stoop low in order to reach the little faces which asked to be kissed.

But the most important and solemn part of the ceremony has now to be performed, and there is a general stillness in the church, as the Emperor descends from his throne and proceeds to the entrance of the chancel. He is met there by the Archbishop of Moscow, who holds in his hands the sacred vessel which contains the holy oil. Stretching forth his right hand, the venerable father takes a golden branch, with which, having dipped it in the consecrated oil, he anoints the forehead, eyelids, nostrils, ears, hands, and breast of the Emperor, pronouncing the solemn words—"Impressio domini Spiritus Sancti." The act is done, and Russian eyes look with awe upon the Anointed of God, the Delegate of His power, the High Priest of His Church, at once Emperor and Patriarch, consecrated and installed in his high temporal and spiritual office. A salvo of cannons, the bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, announce the completion of the sacred act to the ears of those who are without the church and cannot witness it. Meanwhile the Empress comes forward and is in like manner anointed by the Archbishop, but on the forehead only. Then the Emperor and Empress, the one on the right, the other on the left, of the presiding Archbishops of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Novgorod, receive the holy sacrament; to the Emperor, as the chosen servant privileged by Heaven, it is administered in the two kinds: the Empress receiving only the sacramental bread which is partaken of by all members of the Russian Church. Once more the choir burst out in full jubilate chorus, and their Majesties once more mount the platform of the throne, and stand erect while the mass is intoned by the priests, and the responses are chanted by the choir. The holy service being concluded, the Emperor steps from the throne, bows right and left to the great dignitaries of the State, to the prelates, to the representatives of the foreign powers, and then leaves the church by the northern gate, accompanied by his splendid retinue, and followed at a short distance by the Empress. Shortly afterwards the Empress-Mother and her suite, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Dukes and Duchesses of the Imperial family and their suites and attendants, issue from the south gate of the Cathedral, and proceed to enter the palace by the *perron rouge*. They are greeted along their march by cheers and loud cries, but the Russian ladies have not yet learnt how to impart animation to such scenes by waving their handkerchiefs, and, as they do not cheer, their share in the proceedings is to try to look pretty, and to look as hard as they can.

It is just one o'clock as the procession begins to ascend the *perron rouge*. The enthusiasm is boundless as his Majesty, now dressed in his Imperial robe, and the crown upon his head, turns, and with outstretched arm seems to return the blessings of his people. He bows to all around as he reaches the landing, and, standing forth from under the canopy, looks down upon the scene below. In a few moments more he turns, and is lost to sight in the interior of the magnificent palace, through the walls of which, however, those sounds must follow him.

THE BANQUET.

So far as the vast proportion of spectators was concerned the ceremonial was now over, but still thousands lingered all day about the Kremlin, and seemed quite content to know by the sound of the cannon that the Emperor and his nobles were feasting inside. The Emperor sits with the Empress-Mother on his right hand, and the young Empress on his left. The great dignitaries of state advance, bearing silver dishes, which they place before the Imperial trio, who commence their repast. The body of the room is occupied by the members of the first and second classes of Russian nobility, who, standing in their places at the tables prepared for them, wait until the Imperial Family have concluded their repast before they sit down to the banquet in store for them. The Diplomatic Corps stands in front of the Imperial table. Suddenly his Majesty calls for wine, and this is the signal for all foreigners and those who do not take part in the banquet to withdraw. The Imperial banquet concludes the ceremonies of the Coronation-day, and, judging by the worn and exhausted looks of their Imperial Majesties, human nature could scarcely bear the fatigue of their prolongation.

At the first toast, to the health of the Emperor, the artillery fire sixty-one guns; to the Empresses, each fifty-one guns; to the Imperial house, thirty-one guns; to the clergy and all faithful subjects, only twenty-one guns. It was nearly four o'clock before the banquet was over, and their Majesties retired to take some repose.

THE ILLUMINATION.

In the evening all Moscow was illuminated, but it is sufficient to say that the city was a blaze of light, that the streets were thronged to suffocation, that carriages could not pass through the thoroughfares, that the heat, and dust, and smoke were intolerable, and that the English Embassy was very finely illuminated.

On the day following, there was a parade of the Guard in the Kremlin, followed by a levee and presentation. There was also a State ball on a very grand scale at the palace. The Emperor received the Ambassadors and Ministers at his levee, and the Turkish Minister presented his credentials. The illuminations were repeated last evening, but a gentle breeze which sprung up after sunset blew most of the lamps out.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SPANISH CONSTITUTION OF 1845.

The constitution of 1845 has been re-established in Spain by Royal decree. It is also stated in the decree that the minimum duration of the session of the Cortes shall be four months—that the existence of the Council of State is solemnly acknowledged—that the consent of the Cortes shall be necessary for the marriage of the Sovereign, or that of the heirs to the Crown, for the alienation of the Royal patrimony, and for general amnesties.

POLITICAL TROUBLES IN FRANCE.—Thirty members of a secret society have been arrested in Paris. The society was known to have held a meeting, at which, it is said, it was decided to assassinate the Emperor on his return from Biarritz. The prisoners have been placed in solitary confinement at Mazas.

MADAME CECILIA at Moscow, where the terms of her engagement are said to be something fabulous even for Russia—25,000 francs during the fêtes of the Coronation. Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan has a little court of her own at Moscow, where she is pronounced a queen by her talent and beauty.

THE SHIPWRIGHTS' STRIKE AT LIMEHOUSE.—Several shipwrights were tried at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday, for conspiracy to intimidate and prevent men from entering the service of Messrs. Young and Co., at Limehouse. There has been a strike at Messrs. Young's for some time past, and the prosecutors had endeavored to enlist men from various parts of the country to fill the places of the malecontents. The defendants in this case were charged with conspiring to prevent these recruits from working, by intimidation and persuasion. The judges were of opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to show that there was a conspiracy to justify a punishment for the assault, but there was no doubt there was sufficient evidence of conspiracy to deter men from working. The defendants were ordered to be discharged on entering into their own recognisances to appear when called on.

Literature.

English Traits. By R. W. EMERSON, author of "Representative Men." London: Routledge and Co.

EMERSON is the American thinker. Who their national poet is, they are not agreed; but that the element of pure intellectual speculation is represented among them by the philosopher before us, they do not dispute. That fact alone would make his writings interesting to us, but when he takes England for his theme, he cannot but demand a most attentive hearing.

To relish and understand this book thoroughly, one should be acquainted with the writer's "point of view," as it is to be learned from his Essays, Lectures, and Poems. He is a mystic—but a mystic with the genius of a man-of-letters, so that he is an odd mixture of oracle and epigram, poet and saint, Eastern reverie and Attic salt. It is like listening to a Brahmin, born in an age of magazines and reviews. He is at once extremely readable, and not easy to understand; and while he refers everything great and good to the religious sentiment, he stands aloof from all the temples and cathedrals in the world. There are a great many fine and learned names for the position he takes; but without going into them, suffice it to say that he aims at being a purely spiritual thinker—at reflecting what he feels and sees, just as he felt and saw it, without reference to any system or dogma. In this book, he would mirror England if he could. He would decaricature it, intellectually, were such a thing possible. The charm of it is the most entire honesty, for all things represent to Emerson some solid thought or sentiment out of which they grew, and he loves all life, whether of trees and mountains, or of churches, railways, or men.

Of course, however, everybody has limitations. As a philosopher, he is affected by his philosophy; as a Yankee, by his birth and breeding. But a Yankee is a far better man to have for a judge than any other foreigner, given the fact that the Yankee is an honest philosopher. For, first, there is the tie of blood; and, second, there is the fact that he is sucked in our literature. Add to that, that he is born away from us, and it follows that he visits us at once with a heart that is akin, and yet eyes that are fresh and new. He is out of the prose of our life, and more open to its poetry. And in reading these "Traits," that is the first thing that strikes you. The English reader sees Browns and Joneses in England; it is hard for him not to feel the dull effect of daily business. Emerson sees all in the light of historic radiance; these are the men he has been reading and dreaming of from a boy—the men of Trafalgar and Waterloo, of Shakespeare and Sidney, of immeasurable commerce, and venerable laws. We cannot read the book without feeling flattered from this effect; and indeed we are bound to say, that there is an obvious wish to be kind and courteous every where in its pages, which deserves special acknowledgment.

His opinions as to the fundamentals of the English character may be gathered from the following passages:—

"Their self-respect, their faith in causation, and their realistic logic or coupling of means to ends, have given them the leadership of the modern world. Montesquieu said, 'No people have true common sense but those who are born in England.' This common sense is a perception of all the conditions of our earthly existence, of laws that can be stated, and of laws that cannot be stated, or that are learned only by practice, in which allowance for friction is made. They are ardent in their scepticism or theory, and in high departments they are cramped and sterile. But the unconditional surrender to facts, and the choice of means to reach their ends, are as admirable as with ants and bees."

"The bias of the nation is a passion for utility. They love the lever, the screw and pulley, the Flanders draught-horse, the watermill, windmill, tide mill; the sea and the wind to bear their freight ships. More than the diamond Koh-i-noor, which glitters among their crown jewels, they prize the dull pebble which is wiser than a man, whose poles turn themselves to the poles of the world, and whose axis is parallel to the axis of the world. Now their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but admit at the coarse; not good in jewellery or mosaics, but the best iron-workers, colliers, wood-carvers, and tanners, in Europe. They apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachments of sea, wind, travelling sands, cold and wet subsoil—to fishery, to manufacture of indispensable staples,—salt, plumage, leather, wool, glass, pottery, and brick,—to be a and silk-worms,—and by their steady combinations they succeed. A manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on a sheep's back at sunrise. You dine with a gentleman on venison, pheasant, quail, pigeons, poultry, mushrooms, and pine apples, all the growth of his estate. They are neat husbands for ordering all their too's pertaining to house and field. All are well kept. There is no want and no waste. They study use and fitness in their building, in the order of their dwellings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the ruff, the Englishman added the shirt. The Englishman wears a sensible coat buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid and lasting texture. If he is a lord, he dresses a little worse than a commoner. They have diffused the taste for plain substantial hats, shoes, and coats, through Europe. They think him the best dressed man, whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice or remember to describe it."

"They secure the essentials in their diet, in their arts, and manufactures. Every article of culinary shows, in its shape, thought and long experience of workmen. They put the expense in the right place, as in their sea-steamer, in the solidity of the machinery, and the strength of the boat. The admirable equipment of their Arctic ships carries London to the pole. They build roads, aqueducts, warm and ventilate houses. And they have impressed their directness and practical habit on modern civilisation."

"In trade, the Englishman believes that nobody breaks who ought not to break; and that, if he do not make trade everything, it will make him nothing; and acts on this belief. The spirit of system, attention to details, and the subordination of details, or the not driving things too finely, (which is charged on the Germans), constitute that despatch of business, which makes the mercantile power of England."

"It is not usually a point of honour, nor a religious sentiment, and never any whim, that they will shed their blood for; but usually property, and right measured by property, that breeds revolution. They have no Indian taste for a tomahawk-dance, no French taste for a badge or proclamation. The Englishman is peaceably minding his business, and earning his day's wages. But if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, or his right in common, or his shop, he will fight to the judgment. Magna Charta, jury trial, habeas corpus, starchamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a yeoman's right to his dinner, and, except as touching that, would not have lashed the British nation to rage and revolt."

"Whilst they are thus instinct with a spirit of order, and of calculation, it must be owned they are capable of larger views; but the indulgence is expensive to them, costs great crises, or accumulations of mental power. In common, the horse works best with blinders. Nothing is more in the line of English thought than our unvarnished Connecticut question, 'Pray, sir, how do you get your living when you are at home?' The questions of freedom, of taxation, of privilege, are money questions. Heavy fellows, steeped in beer and flesh-pots, they are hard of hearing and dim of sight. Their drowsy minds need to be flattered by war, and trade, and politics, and persecution. They cannot well read a principle except by the light of fagots and of burning towns."

"Domesticity is the taproot which enables the nation to branch wide and high. The motive and end of their trade and empire is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. Nothing so much marks their manners as the concentration on their household ties. This domesticity is carried into court and camp. Wellington governed India and Spain and his own troops, and fought battles like a good family man, paid his debts, and though general of an army in Spain, could not stir abroad for fear of public creditors. This taste for home and parish merits has of course its doting and foolish side. Mr. Cobden attributes the huge popularity of Perceval, Prime Minister in 1810, to the fact that he was wont to go to church every Sunday with a large quarto gilt Prayer-book under one arm, his wife hanging on the other, and followed by a long brood of children."

"They keep their old customs, costumes, and pumps, their wig and mace, sceptre and crown. The Middle Ages still lurk in the streets of London. The Knights of the Bath take oath to defend injured ladies; the Gold-stick-in-waiting survives. They repeated the ceremonies of the eleventh century in the coronation of the present Queen. A hereditary tenure is natural to them. Offices, farms, trades, and traditions descend so. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. Terms of service and partnership are life-long, or are inherited. 'Holdship has been with me,' said Lord Eldon, 'eight-and-twenty years, knows all my business and books.' Antiquity of usage is sanctified enough. Wordsworth says of the small freeholders of Westmoreland, 'Many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of the same name and blood.' The ship-carpenter in the public yards, my lord's gardener and porter, have been there for more than a hundred years, grandfather, father, and son."

"The English power resides also in their dislike of change. They have difficulty in bringing their reason to act, and on all occasions use their memory first. As soon as they have rid themselves of some grievance, and settled the better practice, they make haste to fix it as a finality, and never wish to hear of alteration more."

"Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor. His instinct is to search for

a precedent. The favourite phrase of their law is, 'A custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary.' The barons say, 'Nolimus mutari,' and the Cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner on the reason of any practice, with 'Lord, Sir, it was always so.' They hate innovation. Bacon told them time was the right reformer; Chatham, that 'Confidence was a plant of slow growth'; Canning, 'To advance with the times'; and Wellington, that 'Habit was ten times nature.'

In this way he takes our old English characteristic "solidity" and throws a great deal of new light on it—the surest proof of genius being the power of illustrating at once what everybody fancies they know all about already. The business character of the country is better described and analysed than we have seen done anywhere.

With regard to our politics, the writer has no prejudices. There is no hint of republicanism. He sees that our politics grow out of our character, and for him that is enough. Yankee as he is, he can speak thus in the chapter on Aristocracy:

"The English barons, in every period, have been brave and great, after the estimate and opinion of their times. The grand old halls scattered up and down in England are dumb vouchers to the state and broad hospitality of their ancient lords. Shakespeare's portraits of good Duke Humphrey, of Warwick, of Northumberland, of Talbot, were drawn in strict consonance with the tradition. A sketch of the Earl of Shrewsbury, from the pen of Queen Elizabeth's Archbishop Parker; Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography; the letters and essays of Sir Philip Sydney; the anecdotes preserved by the antiquaries Fuller and Collins; some glimpses at the interiors of noble houses, which we owe to Pepys and Evelyn; the details which Ben Jonson's masques performed at Kenilworth, Althorpe, Belvoir, and other noble houses record or suggest; down to Aubrey's passages of the life of Hobbes in the house of the Earl of Devon—are favourable pictures of a romantic style of manners. Forthright still shines for us, and its Christmas reveals, 'Where logs not burn, but men.' At Wilton House the 'Arcadia' was written, amidst conversations with Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, a man of no vulgar mind, as his own poems declare him. I must hold Ludlow Castle an honest house, for which Milton's 'Comus' was written, and the company nobly bred which performed it with knowledge and sympathy. In the roll of nobles are found poets, philosophers, chemists, astronomers, also men of solid virtues and of lofty sentiments; often they have been the friends and patrons of genius and learning, and especially of the fine arts; and at this moment almost every great house has its sumptuous picture gallery."

"The English nobles are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company, have seen every secret of art and nature, and, when men of any ability or ambition, have been consulted in the conduct of every important action. You cannot wield great agencies without lending yourself to them, and when it happens that the spirit of the earl meets his rank and duties, we have the best examples of behaviour. Power of any kind readily appears in the manners, and is efficient power. 'Is talent de bien faire,' gives a majesty which cannot be come after or resisted."

"These people seem to gain as much as they lose by their position. They survey society, as from the top of St. Paul's, and, if they never hear plain truth from men, they see the best of every thing, in every kind, and they see things so grouped and amassed as to infer easily the sum and genius, instead of tedious particularities. Their good behaviour deserves all its fame, and they have that simplicity, and that air of repose, which are the finest ornaments of greatness."

"The upper classes have only birth, say the people here, and not thoughts. Yes; but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into manners,—nobler and never so much as in England. They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes, a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their time meetings."

As a proof of his sagacity, we may add another passage on the subject:—

"The pretence is that the noble is of unbroken descent from the Norman, and has never worked for eight hundred years. But the fact is otherwise. Where is Robert? Where is de Vere? THE LAWYER, THE FARMER, THE SILEX MERCHANT, LIES PERPETUALLY UNDER THE CORNET, AND WINKS TO THE ANTIQUARY TO SAY NOTHING; especially skilful lawyers, nobody's sons, who did some piece of work at a nice moment for government, and were rewarded with ermine."

The fact so wittily expressed in the sentence we have here put in capitals is one which some servile fellows of our day forget, and which is much more connected with our changes than is commonly supposed.

On the whole, Emerson treats England with genuine kindness. He says, explicitly, "England is the best of actual nations." He lauds our veracity, industry, courage, and kindness. But he does not blind himself to the changes which are going forward, to the cant which disfigures our religious life, to a certain narrowness of soul which is to be seen in our literature. When he speaks of these, it is not as a satirist, but as one who honours our past, and does not rejoice in our failings. A passage or two on Macaulay shall give us his view of our intellectual defects:—

"The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches, that good means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction on 'fruit'; to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas, and avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the far-man philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disbanding the intellect from theories of the all-Fair and all-Good, and pinning it down to the making a better sick-chair and a better wine-why for an invalid—this not ironically, but in good faith,—that 'solid advantage,' as he calls it, meaning always sensual benefit, is the only good. The eminent benefit of astronomy is the better navigation it creates to enable the fruit-shops to bring home their lemons and wine to the London grocer. It was a curious reason, in which the civility and religion of England for a thousand years, ends in denying morals, and reducing the intellect to a saucer. The critic hides his scepticism under the English cant of practical. To convince the reason, to touch the conscience, is romantic pretension. The fine arts fall to the ground. Beauty, except as luxurious com nodity, does not exist. It is very certain, I may say in passing, that if Lord Bacon had been only the sensualist his critics pretend, he would never have acquired the fame which now entitles him to this patronage. It is because he had imagination, the leasures of the spirit, and basked in an element of contemplation out of all modern English atmospheric gauges, that he is impressive to the imaginations of men, and has become a potentate not to be ignored."

This is most true—and it is only for poor little mean critics, holding on to the outward prospect of life, to sneer at a man so infinitely their superior as Emerson, for telling us frankly what it is so important to know. Along with the "solid" virtues we inherit from our ancestors, there is a certain pig-headed British obstinacy and prosaic dullness—connected with servility in society—greediness in money-making—hatred of reform—which will be found to be at the bottom of all our public failures, from the deaths in the Crimea to the starvation of curates. We recommend the chapters on Literature and Religion to the reader's careful attention; they may annoy him in some cases, but even if they do, and he candidly inquires "why?" the story will do him good.

We must say a few words on the style and manner of Mr. Emerson's book. The matter suffers somewhat from a certain brusqueness and jerk of expression which now and then amounts to oddness. Fine picturesque spontaneous bits of thought are jostled by quaint epigrams—freaks of the wit, in which astounding decisions are suddenly broached as if in joke. These shock people, and undo the good that has been done just before. But when a thinker so powerful and honest comes to talk to us frankly (itself so rare a kind of virtue) we are disposed not to be harsh on his eccentricities. We take good and bad together, and are thankful. But our space is at an end. We advise the reader (and it is not advice we give every day) to buy this volume. Besides the kind of matter he has seen, he will find some curious sketches of living, or recently living, celebrities. The "C" in the chapter on Stonehenge, is of course Carlyle.

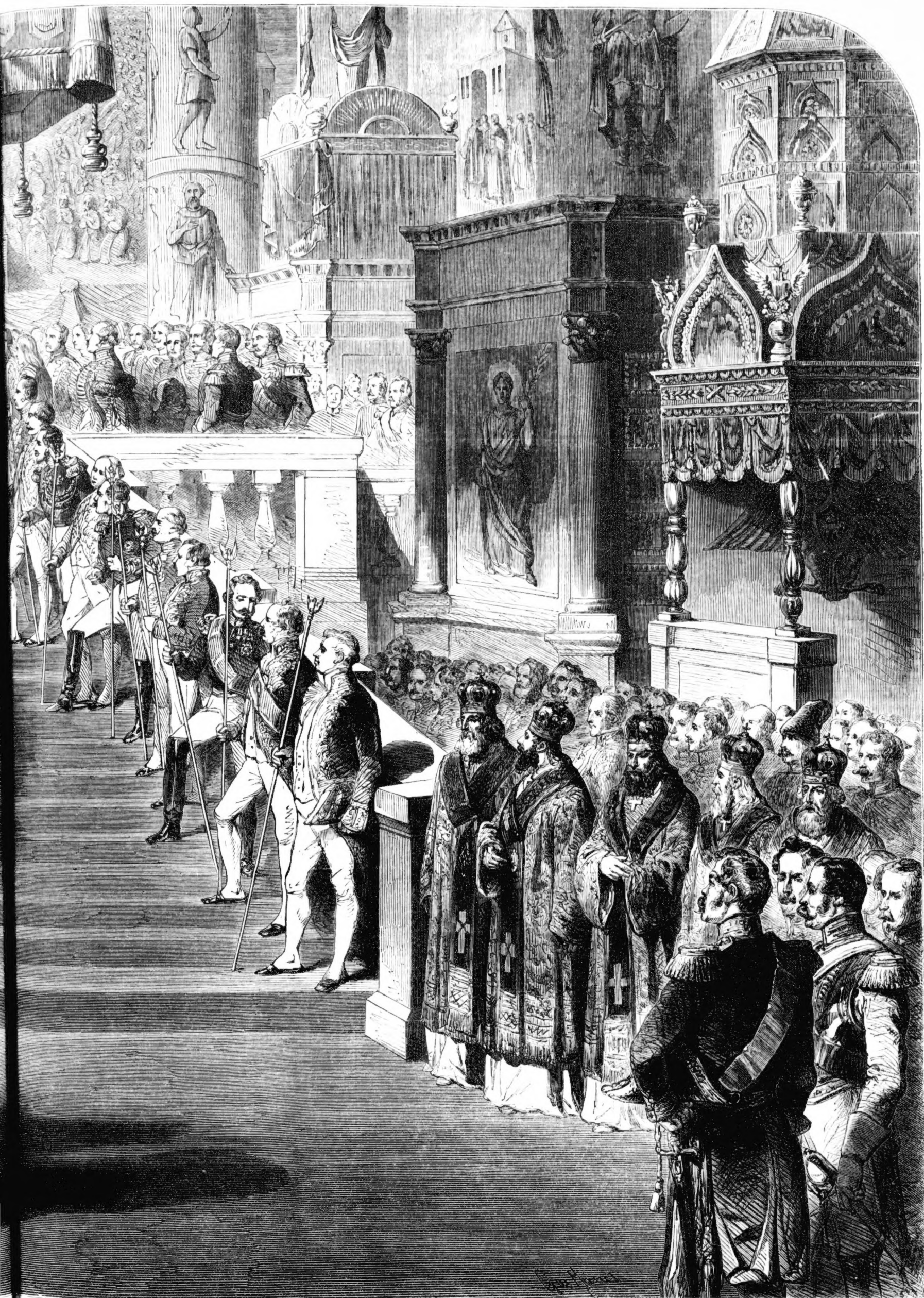
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.—We hear that the object of the preservation of the house in which Shakespeare is said to have been born is about to be effectually accomplished, by the bounty of a Leicester gentleman, named John Shakespeare, who claims to be a descendent collaterally from the Poet. He has given no less a sum than £2,500 in order that the small house in Henley Street may be separated from other buildings, and put in a condition to resist, as far as possible, the incursions of time. The chief reason for isolation is, of course, the security of the building from fire; at present, as everybody is aware, the security of the old houses on each side. The Shakespeare House Committee, to whom the fund has been confided, have already purchased these houses; but as yet nothing has been done in the way of restoration. It seems probable that the modern improvements in the use and application of glass will enable the trustees to secure the small edifice from the injurious effects of the atmosphere. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the house itself was some time since bought for the nation by subscription, for £3,820.

PIRATES REPULSED.—The ship Rajah of Sarawak, Captain Giles, was attacked by pirates in June last, in the Canton River. "The ship," says Captain Giles, "was attacked by pirates coming up the river. We, however, beat them off without losing one of our men, but killed eight of the pirates. There were forty men in the pirate piro, thirty-two of whom made their escape, to high their boat sank before reaching the shore, from the effect of our nine-pound grape."



LOUDAN. S.

THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION AT MOSCOW, SEPT. 7, 1856.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. Hampstead.—We should like to see the sketches in question.
R. E. D. Dublin.—The sketch is not sufficiently novel to engrave. We are, however, much obliged for the offer of it.
John.—Apply to Mr. Thorburn, 32, Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh.
* A Correspondent corrects a palpable error in our account of the Great Bell of Moscow, contained on page 167, No. 71, and wherein the weight is stated to be 16,000 tons. He cites the authority of Dr. Clarke, who estimated the weight at about 240 tons. No doubt Dr. Clarke is correct, as Johnston's "Dictionary of Geography," the authority we had consulted, is evidently wrong.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

POPULAR PREACHERS.

No man can do greater good than a fine preacher. The literary man, though vain enough in his way, yields precedence to the hero of the pulpit. "I hope, sir," said old Samuel Johnson, "that I know better than to take place of a doctor of divinity." The reason is obvious. The preacher appeals more directly to the human spirit and conscience; the author, at best, can but enlarge men's ideas, refine their tastes, &c. Erasmus is not so great a man as Luther; Bunyan has done more good than Pope. We build temples, not to Cicero, but to St. Paul. And so long as the preacher does his work, and does not mix himself too much up with politics, men of letters will very cheerfully pay him his proper respect, and leave him alone.

But there is a class of preachers—and a class which seems to be on the increase—who will not confine themselves to their work, but who seem to undertake everybody's else. Instead of sermons, they deliver orations; they resort to arts by which ambitious men court popularity; their portraits are in all the windows, usually exhibiting their reverences with a high and spiritual expression, as they appeared before their admirers at a favourite chapel; they are advertised, and they are "billed." Soon they acquire the weaknesses of the actor. You know by their expression when the fine "bits" are coming; they have pet "bursts," which are repeated on great occasions. They deliver judgments on writers—as Cumming described Lord Byron as "a living lie." At last, they get worse and worse, and alternately soar into bombast and sink into buffoonery. "Success," which ruined the mind of Edward Irving, is not likely to spare such minds as those we see to-day.

There are various reasons why a second-rate class of preachers is now likely to be successful. The age is poor in oratory, and somewhat stunted in speech. Our colloquial efforts are mean and thin, and have but little in them to feed the heart; but the heart is eternal, and will seek everywhere for its provender. The best it can get will satisfy it, and the best being but ordinary remains ordinary; it does its work, because those on whom it acts know nothing better. We must not fancy that audiences will create preachers—you must have the preacher first; for people will be satisfied with inferior matter till the superior appears. Thus, our pushing and strong preacher, finding that he will "do," remains satisfied, and a second-rate standard becomes established.

But then comes the question—what amount of good the man will do? Is what is called "eloquence," in an age when it is notoriously at a low ebb, a really beneficent power? What is the object of a sermon as distinct from a mere display of art? Clearly to *edify*; that is, to *build-up*, as the etymology shows. Its moral effect is the great thing, and it ought to be weighty and earnest above all. What your "fine" preacher would call a "dull" discourse, may really be productive of more good than his own finest one. At the best, eloquence is only a form of power—a rare out-growth, by which what is intrinsically good also succeeds in being beautiful. When one makes the eloquence the great object, a phase soon comes when the mind employs itself on the ornament only. The talker, having corrupted himself, next corrupts the hearer; for the hearer does not come, after a while, for edification, but for excitement. He might as well be at the play; or rather, he might better be there, for he would not be so likely to fancy himself improved.

"Voluntary" preachers are of course more liable to this disease than established ones, whose opposite extreme—dullness—is really less mischievous; but in both cases the fault lies with the audience, and the blame must be thrown on the public. The audiences ought to know better; and if a paterfamilias, who begins to fancy he has been deluded, is wise, he will accustom his household to the periodical reading of some sound old divine, till their taste is improved. As a good course of ancient literature makes one weary of many of the writers of this age, so a revival of some of the classic divines of England would be peculiarly beneficial just now. This is the only way we see to a correction of what is fast becoming a painful nuisance. We shall not treat the most recent example of bad taste on the part of a well known preacher, further than to express a hope that he has repented of his absurdity and abandoned his jokes. The comic writer has his own place, and, to do him justice, he generally sticks to it—at all events, we have as yet seen no comic writer invade the pulpit; why then should the pulpit trespass on the vocation of the comic writer? *Quam quisque novit artem*, &c., is a good old rule; and if a man knows little of his own art, he may be all the more sure that he can know nothing of his neighbour's.

One inevitable consequence of any such vagaries in future, will be a more rigid and public criticism of the offenders than has ever yet been exercised by the public press.

ACCIDENT TO THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-BELL.—Preparations were made at the Swainson Dock (West Hartlepool), on Saturday, for shipping the great bell recently cast for the Clock Tower at Westminster. It was lifted from the carriage on which it had been deposited, and safely swung over the hold of the vessel. While in this position, it was discovered that the aperture to the hold was not sufficiently broad for its reception, and a deck-plank was cut out, in order to admit it. When all was in readiness for lowering, one of the chains was found to have slipped on one side of the sheave, and the blocks refused to work. A delay of an hour occurred before this could be remedied, and then a slight crack was heard to proceed from the woodwork, but of this no notice was taken, as it was not deemed of any consequence. As soon as a strain was again put upon the tackling the shears immediately swerved a little to one side, and in an instant the ponderous machinery came to the ground, cracking and smashing like fire-wood, and in its course bringing down the foremast of the vessel and breaking it into splinters, besides doing other serious damage to the hull. The bell descended with a fearful crash to the bottom of the vessel. The large crowd of people who were standing near had a narrow escape from the falling mast and timbers. The captain of the vessel was in the hold at the time, but fortunately escaped without injury. The vessel immediately began to make a great deal of water, and in order to prevent her sinking in the dock, a couple of steamboats took her in tow, and removed her out of the dock into the inner basin, where she was run on the ground.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUGH ROSE, who filled throughout the war the very delicate and important position of British Commissioner with the French army, has been ordered by the Duke of Cambridge to attend the great Austrian review.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY'S STEAMERS consume 800,000 tons of coal in the course of a year, which cost the company, including freight to foreign coal depots, upwards of £350,000 per annum.

THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS was married at Honolulu on the 19th of June to Miss Emma Roohead.

THE MORMONS AT GREAT SALT LAKE CITY are threatened with famine. Their crops have been destroyed by drought, grasshoppers, and worms.

THREE HUNDRED CASES OF INFANTICIDE, says the coroner, occur in Liverpool every year.

MR. GAVAN DUFFY has published a letter to Dr. Lang, in which he says that he is not prepared to take measures for attempting to hasten what must come in the course of years—the independence of Australia.

THE EXAMPLE OF CALIFORNIA is catching. The citizens of St. Paul, Minnesota, have held a meeting charged with the extirpation of all bad characters from the city.

THE DWARF GENERAL TOM THUMB is married. He is nineteen years of age.

MAURITIUS HAS AN unprecedented crop of sugar this year—125,000 tons.

A WOMAN has died at Jersey from the effects of strychnia, administered in mistake by a hospital nurse.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY numbers 13,000 men, of whom 12,000 are engaged on the frontiers protecting them from the Indians.

THE MIDAL MEN, CAVALRY, INFANTRY, AND SAILORS, now at Folkestone, were entertained at a public dinner last week in the grounds of the Pavilion Hotel.

HIS MAJESTY has commanded that Brevet-Captain Henry Attwell Lake be transferred from the Madras Engineers, to be lieutenant-colonel unattached in the Royal Army, in consideration of his services at Kara.

AT ALLOA, as a couple were standing at the altar ready to be married, the clergyman asked for the license, but the only paper the bridegroom had in his possession was an unpaid tax bill, which he handed to the clergyman in mistake for the proper document, which he had left at home.

A RICH ENGLISH MERCHANT NAMED ABBOTT, of Salonica, was recently visited by a band of thieves, who dined with him, and then insisted on receiving, first 5,000 piastres, and then 15,000, before they would retire. He had nothing for it but to pay, as he was completely in their power, and so he gave the sum required.

A WOMAN NAMED TURIE was assassinated at Mostaganem (Algeria) in the last week of August, by her servant, a Spaniard. On being confronted with the body of his victim, the assassin coolly explained that he killed her because she promised to buy him a pair of slippers, and then refused to do so.

A GIRL has died in the Malrow Workhouse from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat.

MADemoiselle JOHANNA WAGNER, the celebrated singer, was married on Saturday last to M. Johann, the son of a millionaire of Tilsit.

THE VISITORS at HELIGOLAND were astonished to find, when they awoke on the 3rd of September, that the Governor had issued an order closing the gaming-table, which enjoyed a permissible existence for thirty years.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE is at present in Rome with Mr. Maudslayi, observing what works of ancient art are disposable for the enrichment of the National Gallery.

THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES, accompanied by his tutor, is about to visit Manchester, on his way to Balmoral.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT propose to expend 100,000,000 francs during the next five years, in carrying out their project of making Pola, on the Adriatic coast of the Adriatic, a first-rate arsenal and naval station. The Archduke Ferdinand is to have his headquarters, as Lord High Admiral of Austria, at Pola.

THE MISSION AT NAPLES, created by Sir William Temple's death, will, we hear, be reserved for Sir Henry Bulwer, after he shall have returned from his present temporary employment in the French-Littré.

MONSIEUR DE LAMARTINE is now at Marseilles, where he is laid up with rheumatism. The Emperor of Brazil has just sent to the illustrious author 100,000 francs, the price of 5,000 subscriptions to the "Cours Familier de Littérature."

ANOTHER SUICIDE AT THE AGAPEONE is reported. It is stated in the "Taunton Courier" that a young female left that establishment for the purpose of being confined; that she was confined; and that on the following day she hung herself.

MR. SPOONER has informed the Belfast Protestant Association that he intends next session to renew his attempt "to put down the national sin of supporting the idolatrous College of Maynooth." The college, he has no doubt, "is doomed."

SOME FISHERMEN AT Ayr recently found a shark in their net. The fish being unable to break the meshes, rushed furiously at the boat, and had it not been for the timely arrival of assistance, the monster would have done serious damage to the frail craft. By the united efforts of three boats' crews, it was secured and towed to land.

THE STATEMENT that the subscription for presenting a hundred cannons to the fortress of Alessandria was prohibited by the French Government, proves to have been unfounded.

A LITTLE GIRL, seven years of age, was killed by a fall down stairs last week.

THERE IS A PROVISION in the new act to facilitate leases of settled estates (which will come into force on the 1st of November), that tenants for life, &c., may grant leases for twenty-one years.

THE NEW ORGAN AT WELLS CATHEDRAL will soon be completed. The Dean and Chapter have given orders for a considerable restoration of the broken shafts in front of the cathedral.

THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK hold a general meeting this day (Saturday). On this occasion, the directors intend to submit a full statement of their affairs. Vice-Chancellor Kindersley will hear the petitions for winding up at the Angel Inn, Bury St. Edmund's, on Wednesday, the 24th instant.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS are being instituted by the Bishop of Durham in the Ecclesiastical Court, against Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson, for his recent proceedings in reference to Christ Church, West Hartlepool.

THE SQUADRON under the command of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Richard Dundas, K.C.B., consisting of the Duke of Wellington, Conqueror, and despatch-vessels Wanderer and Osprey, is destined for Cadix. The squadron is victualled and stored for six months.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY STUART, who is now on his passage to England in the Hannibal, will succeed to the North American and West Indian command in November, at which time Rear-Admiral Faushawe's period of service will have expired.

SOME OF THE ITALIAN LEGION, who had quitted the English service and returned to Italy, it is feared, have been incarcerated both in the Tuscan dominions and Naples; and a letter from Malta says that one of their officers has been sent privately to make every inquiry, and if possible to discover the truth, which, in Naples, will be rather difficult.

A PARK FOR FINCHLEY is among the things proposed of men. The Islington parochial authorities have voted a hundred pounds to cover the expenses of a survey and estimate: the land to be as near Highbury Station as possible.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GRAVES, who was stabbed by a Maltese boatman, has since expired. The murderer is in custody.

THE REDUCTION OF THE ARMY will, we believe, take place from the 1st of October, when all Regiments of the Line that served in the Crimea will be placed permanently on a peace establishment of twelve companies. These regiments had been raised to sixteen companies.

NOT FEWER THAN 71,000,000 of newspapers per annum—or about 200,000 every day—pass through the Post Office. The number of "book packets," exclusive of newspapers, which now pass through the London office, is at the rate of about 1,400,000 per annum, being an increase of more than a million, or of 273 per cent. on the number in 1854.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL AT BIRMINGHAM was inaugurated by a series of concerts. In a pecuniary sense, the concerts were unsuccessful. This was also the case with the Musical Festival at Bradford, when a loss of about £500 was incurred.

SOUNDINGS have been made with a view to laying a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic. The design is reported to be perfectly practicable.

MR. LEWIS MORGAN, a gentleman of considerable property in the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydfil, was lately killed while endeavouring to cross the Taff Vale Railway on horseback. A train overtook him, and both horse and rider were literally torn to pieces and consumed.

A POOR MAN NAMED VINCENT, overtaken by poverty and debt, recently committed suicide in a water butt.

MR. ALFRED LATHAM is the gentleman recommended by the Court of Directors of the Bank of England to fill the vacancy in the direction occasioned by the decease of Henry James Prescott, Esq.

MR. FROST IN LONDON.

It was extensively announced last week that Mr. John Frost would make a public entry into the metropolis on Monday morning, and the local Chartist branches of the metropolitan districts were actively engaged in the interval in preparing to do honour to one of their liberated leaders. It was arranged that there should be gatherings of the Chartist body at all points of the compass, and that these would all unite at Finsbury Square as a common centre. The democrats of the North London localities were to meet in Russell Square as early as ten o'clock, and then repair to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they would join their brethren of the central London localities, comprising Chelsea, Knightsbridge, Kensington, and the West generally; and, at eleven o'clock the combined associations were to proceed, with banners flying, to Finsbury Square. The Association of Foreign Democrats was also to assemble in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At the hour named, and for some time afterwards, there was not even the semblance of a gathering at Russell Square or Lincoln's Inn Fields. Small knots of idlers had, indeed, collected in the vicinity, but the leaders and members of the Chartist associations were wanting; and, as the morning advanced, Lincoln's Inn Fields and Russell Square resumed their wonted quietude. In Finsbury Square, however, affairs were a different aspect. There large masses of people had collected. As early as eleven o'clock, the Chartist associations of the eastern districts arrived with their banners, a few of them being accompanied by female members, who were accommodated with seats in pleasure vans. Between eleven and twelve the societies which were missing elsewhere made their appearance, and by noon there was a considerable gathering. The square was on all sides thronged with people, chiefly belonging to the class of artisans and labourers.

The hero of the day—Mr. Frost—arrived at the spot in an open carriage drawn by four gray horses, shortly after twelve o'clock; and thereupon the procession started. It moved out of the square in the following order:—Three marshmen on horseback, of whom it may fairly be said that they rode very sorry steeds, and looked rather nervous and uneasy in their seats; next a brass band playing "Partant pour la Syrie;" then a carriage which contained Mr. Frost, Mr. Ernest Jones, and other democratic leaders; then the Committee of the Commune Revolutionnaire, which represents in the foreign emigration the French secret society, "The Marianne;" afterwards the different local associations, marching four abreast with their various distinctive banners, some of which bore rather significant inscriptions, such, for example, as the following: "Resistance to tyranny is duty to God;" "The Apostle is amongst us—he is democracy." One of the most striking features in the procession was the appearance of two Welsh girls bearing a flag with the inscription, "Welcome John Frost;" while they themselves were accompanied by a knight in rustic attire, who walked between them armed with a stout cudgel. The procession was terminated by a considerable rear-guard of pleasure vans, dog-carts, coal wagons, and other vehicles, filled with female and juvenile members of the associations. It moved from the square shortly after twelve o'clock, and proceeded thence along Moorgate Street, Prince's Street, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, through Temple Bar, the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Regent Street, Portland Place, and finally thence through Regent's Park to Primrose Hill.

It might have been supposed the procession of such a large mass of people through the very heart of the metropolis would excite some apprehensions in the minds of the City authorities, or of the merchants, bankers, and tradesmen whose establishments were passed; but no such feeling seemed to prevail. Not a shutter was up, scarcely a policeman was to be seen; and, perhaps, in no other capital in Europe could such a spectacle have been witnessed—the spectacle of an ostentatious welcome to a political exile recently pardoned by his sovereign, exciting not the smallest alarm either among the governing powers or the wealthy and orderly citizens. The only inconvenience occasioned by the affair was the inevitable one of a slight interruption of street traffic.

The procession arrived at Primrose Hill about three o'clock, when Mr. Frost descended from his carriage, and the seats were taken from the various vans and converted into a temporary platform on the side of the hill.

Order having been proclaimed, Mr. E. Jones was called to the chair, and an "Ode" composed for the occasion by the chairman, was sung by the meeting to the tune of "God save the Queen."

A Mr. James Finlen moved the presentation of an address to John Frost, in which he was thanked for his "inestimable services," and congratulated on his return to his native land. "We recognise in you," said the address, "those high and rare attributes, those peerless parts which make the patriot, and render you, sir, as one fit and destined to rank amongst the deliverers of nations. May our whole hope and partial prophecy be realised. May the evening of your life be soothed and solaced by the operation of that beneficence which will be the result of your country's liberation from the detrimental dominion of those sectaries, both political and theological, that have flourished for so long a period, and that to the material injury of your country's people."

The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Frost now made a speech, setting forth his determination to pursue the course he had entered on; and with some rounds of cheering the assembly dispersed.

Frost is a fine, elderly-looking man, his real age being, it is believed, seventy-two. His hair is iron gray, the effect apparently of time, for his features generally certainly bear no traces of long confinement or mental anxiety.

THE POOR LAW IN MARYLEBONE.—At the weekly meeting of the Guardians of Marylebone held on Friday, the Secretary read a letter from the Poor Law Board respecting the late inquiry into the fogging of women in the workhouse. The letter dwells strongly on the disorder and turbulence existing in the workhouse—on the absence of conditions for the successful management of the pauper; and, concurring with the Guardians in accepting the resignation of the porters, requests them to call on the Master to resign his situation also. The Guardians resolved, by 12 to 4, that as they had already decided on admonishing the Master, they decline to re-open the case. In their speeches they denounced the interference of the Poor Law Board with their workhouse.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—On Monday next, the 22nd inst. (Sunday being St. Matthew's Day), the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, with the governors of the several royal hospitals, will attend divine service at Christ's Church, Newgate Street, where a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Charles Edward Searle, fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, after which they will repair to the great hall in Christ's Hospital, where four orations on the benefits of the royal hospitals will be delivered by the four senior scholars, according to annual custom—in Latin, by William Shrubsole Foster; in English, by Ernest Montagu; in Greek, by Mark Shattock; and in French, by Thomas Carter Pallett. Five poems will also be recited by others of the senior scholars.

DECLINE OF THE BAR.—It is stated that there are no less than forty sets of chambers now to let in the Inner Temple, and thirty-three in the Middle Temple, and that the entries of students are about one-fifth of what they were ten years ago. The calls to the bar have fallen off to a mere nothing compared with what they were formerly. Whereas the Middle Temple used to call a few years ago from 120 to 125 or 130 a-year, twenty is now about the average, and even this number shows symptoms of decrease.

EMERITE AT THE SURREY GARDENS.—An emerite took place at the Surrey Gardens on Saturday. Mr. Jullien had to apologise for the absence of a singer, and retorted on the audience, who received the apology somewhat ungraciously, with "what more have you a right to expect for a shilling?" The return of Albion alone extorted Mr. Jullien from his unlucky position, and restored the audience to good humour.

TESTIMONIAL TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which Miss Nightingale resides, desirous of testifying their gratification at her return, have purchased a handsome papier mâché writing desk, beautifully inlaid with pearl, and furnished with stationery, &c. On the front of the desk is a silver plate bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Florence Nightingale, on her safe arrival at Lea Hurst from the Crimea, August 8, 1856, as a token of esteem from the inhabitants of Lea, Holloway, and Crich." By Miss Nightingale's own request, the presentation was made in a very private and unostentatious manner.

SALE OF SCREW STEAMSHIPS TO THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.—An admiral in the Russian service has just been to Southampton, to inspect the vessels of the General Screw Company, and since his visit the purchase of two of their steamers, the "Harlingen" and the "Propontis," has been effected. The "Propontis" is now fitting out for Odessa, and it is presumed that the two vessels are to run between Odessa and Constantinople, carrying on commercial intercourse between those cities.

RUSSIAN DROSKY DRIVERS.

"on visiting England, is but half as personable as an Englishman in Russia, he ought to be an object of sympathy to everyone who possesses the smallest spark of humanity. I cannot imagine any position much more appalling than that of a drotsky with a wild being before you who is absolute master of you, who does not understand or want to understand you, who goes where you want to step, and obstinately insists on knocking at the most inconvenient doors, and on introducing you to a beleaguered frequency of unknown tongue when you desire to go on, who whirls you through tortuous streets, studded with gilded churches, also through the most filthy alleys, and who, when you are tired, and who are impossible, and whose change is ridiculous, and whom you are obliged to take you back to the place whence you came, when, choked with dust, starved, and hot, you faintly strive, by pantomime worthy of a clown, to signify that you have abandoned your search after an invisible Russian home. But the position is not so morally but physically painful. No one who has not tried the adaptability of short legs to the sides of a dray horse can conceive how dolorous the result of the first drive in one of those ingenious vehicles, whereon a rickety-legged behind the driver, whom you are sometimes driven to embrace, as he whirls round a corner in his mad career, is as pleasant as that on the back of an Irish jaunting-car. The droskies are removed. There are droskies of another and more convenient form, but the Russians always engage them, and the others remain unused till the unwary stranger, yielding to the force of circumstances and the force of novelty, mounts, and is lost for the day. In vain does he consult his vocabulary. He can find out only the Russian for "a carriage where they keep live fish," or, "I trust, honoured sir, that you possess excellent health," and many pleasant phrases for shopping and for tea-drinking, but he will not discover the smallest clue to the mystery of communicating to the driver his desire to "get on and have another carriage." Should he artfully construct a command sentence, and with infinite pains give it utterance in speech, the driver of his destinies for the day shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders at the jargon addressed to him, in which a few "selichs" and are left out very probably, and, imagining it to be some reason on the score of speed, urges his horse at a flying gallop over the wooden pavement. Such have been the sufferings of the man who cannot speak Russian, and who cannot get a *cabot de place*, in St. Petersburg; and they are, if possible, aggravated in Moscow. It must be that the drotsky drivers are indolgent and obliging, but "nods and wreathed smiles" will not supply the place of the vernacular. If a Russian are so little used to pantomime that they are, generally speaking, less successful than their neighbours in the use of it. It is quite true that every officer, almost every well-dressed man one sees in the streets, speaks French or German, but even if he can be stopped and spoken to, he is likely enough he will not get.

ALLEGED IMPOSITION.—A "Mr. Wyndham" has been hoaxing the people of Bath and borrowing money, by pretending that he was sent to make preparations for a visit by the Queen of Oule. He got manufacturers to produce for him reception; communicated with the authorities; armed with the seals, and borrowed £5 of one gentleman, who declined to cash a cheque for £5. When suspicion arose, Mr. Wyndham disappeared, leaving his hotel a scene of confusion to fifteen pounds, unpaid. "Mr. Wyndham" contradicts this statement in a letter to the "Times." He says, on the authority of Captain Bland, that there was a "misunderstanding," and that when the particulars are published they will exonerate him from the charges made against him.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 1886.
OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT BRIDGWATER AND BATH.
(The conclusion of this Article will be given in our next.)

ON THE RAIL.
MONDAY, At 6.25.—A little old gentleman with a white head and a stop when checked off our speed through the Box tunnel at a mile per minute. We passed through Bath, which looked to us like London grown thin, tall, old, and very pale—changed carriages at Bristol—read the last scrap of yesterday's news in the "Globe"—and were becoming as thoroughly tired of our travelling companions as we were of ourselves, when suddenly, without notice, our engine shot us into a dark and unknown station, rejoicing in the name of

BRIDGWATER.
A hospitable railway policeman gave us a light to our cigar—an omnibus, waiting outside the station, absorbed us before we had time to think about it—and at half-past ten we found ourselves among a strange people, even not wishing to lose a moment of that "time" felicitously enough supposed to be "valuable," we sallied forth from our hotel, under the direction of the "boots," to the Town Hall, where the Association was assembled at its thirteenth annual congress. The President, the Earl of Perth and Melfort, being unavoidably absent, the chair had been taken by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. A paper had been read in the course of the day by that gentleman, "On the Antiquities of Somerset," and Mr. W. H. Black (late Deputy-keeper of the Records) had delivered the meeting with a few extracts from the "Ancient Documents of Bridgewater." The congress, after the afternoon meeting, had examined the old parish church of St. Mary's, Bridgewater, Admiral Blake's house, the prison, and other localities interesting to the archaeologist, and at half-past eight in the evening had reassembled in the Town Hall, where a paper on the "History of Bridgewater" had been read by Mr. Parker.

J. R. Planché, Esq., Rouge Croix, was unravelling the succession and armorial bearings of the Earls and Dukes of Somerset as we entered. Presenting our credentials, and being courteously received by G. R. Wright, Esq., the curator, we commenced by disparaging the building to ourselves in the following fashion:—First, we considered that it looked like a chapel, then it assumed the appearance of both school and barn, and finally it subsided into a court of justice under difficulties—the word "Attorneys" loomed upon us from a distant box, and gradually the usual appurtenances of a legal temple became visible. Two distinguished antiquaries were in the dock, the witness-box was empty, and a jury of ladies empanelled (let us say) by Planché upon the "Manche" or long sleeve question—Mr. Pettigrew was sitting in judgment (between two wax candles)—the great guns of the evening were trying to look as though they had room to sit comfortably on the small space allotted to them on the bench, while the red bricks of the floor, and the undressed beams and rafters of the roof, lent a graceful finish to the whole, light being obtained from large temporary gas fittings, which flared out like the jets at the butchers' shops in Leather Lane on a Saturday night.

Mr. Planché having polished up the bald place on the top of his head, and put a "high pressure" upon his lips, as if to prevent the heraldic steam from escaping too quickly, bowed to the audience with the grace of an old courtier, and began flourishing about large diagrams of coats of arms, performing feats of legerdemain with the names of Mohun, Moion, Moim, Moyné de Beaufort, and St. Maur, which are not only too recondite but also too numerous for insertion, and ornamenting his production with a variety of fossil puns, a selection from which we herewith present to our readers. He is speaking of the "Manche" sleeve on the armorial bearings of the De Mohuns.

"Here is a figure of a lady of the reign of Henry the First. A very extraordinary figure you will say she must have cut. Fashion, always in extremes, took the singular fancy at this period to go a greater length than ever. The train was as long as an excursion train on Easter Monday. The sleeves, not content with reaching to the wrists, took a fresh start at the cuffs in another direction, &c. &c. &c. It is, however, ungrateful of us to laugh (even in our sleeves), &c." Ha! ha!

Mr. Planché was followed by a curious *deided*-looking man, with eyes that gazed so intensely, and yet looked so weak, that they impressed us with the fancy that he was looking backwards. He wore spectacles of a bottle green hue, his face was seamed with marks of small pox, and he seemed to have turned his skin into yellow parchment years ago. This was Mr.

Black, the life doctor, a gentleman who has injured the strongest people by reading off illegible Norman Latin, who will take up an old parchment, inscribed with characters almost forgotten, in a language but faintly remembered, and saying, "I know this parchment—I remember this ink—I could swear to the pen and the man who used it," calmly reads it into modern English, as if it were the last number of "The Illustrated Times."

How he revelled in his discoveries—the "Meridian Drink" of the medieval workman, "A Penitential of Pins for the Altar," "Two-pennies halfpenny for the Churchwardens' Breakfast," "Hooping a lunk, one penny,"—and "Item, paid to the washerwoman for one year, two shillings," how he dwelt upon the "Taxation Roll," with the name and residence of every inhabitant then living in the county—that the whole assessment should be but £1,357 19s. 2½d.—that whilst Bath was assessed at £13, Bridgewater should have to pay double the amount, gave him the keenest delight; but Mr. Pettigrew becoming impatient (he is a man of business, and although fond of Mr. Black's company would rather at that moment have had a room at the Clarence) the meeting was adjourned. Mr. Black not ceasing to read his old documents till the man with the red mustache and the corduroy trousers said "By your leave," and put out the sole remaining gaslight.

TUESDAY.—We were up early, and out before the association had thought of waking; and found all the houses looking as bright a red as a country woman's cheek. The town authorities have seemingly tried to improve their footpaths, by laying down asphalt; but the native earth having altogether repudiated such an innovation, it moulders away desolate and in patches. At the station we found to our horror that there was only one mail day, but on looking round us we did not wonder, for although they have built a clock turret to the station, they have no clock; they never want to know the time—how should they, in a town only famous for Bath Biscuits (scouring brick they call it) and their river Parrett, which is subject to the "Bear" or sudden rising of the tide?

This same river, whose waters are salt, is used for the conveyance of coal, culm, and wood; on the iron bridge may always be seen a group of boatmen and "hobblers," these latter being a kind of human tugs used to draw the barges, excepting when their steam rivals come into play, as they do occasionally.

We returned to our hotel, and caught up the Local Directory, in which we found that Bridgewater boasts of a mayor, six aldermen, eighteen councillors, and a recorder. It is also said to have a court-house for the accommodation of the Judges of Assize, but this you are likely to request not to believe; as the judges have been so badly accommodated, that for three years they have not visited the town, the last time they did so having to sit up all night with umbrellas over their heads in consequence of the rain coming through the roof.

TO GLASTONBURY AND WELLS.
At 8.30, a line of fly, carriages, and other "conveniences," drew up before the door of the Clarence Hotel; at 8.55, everybody being seated, the wary proprietor collected six shillings a head (in advance); and at 8.59 the last excursionist (the Somersetshire poet, with long hair, straggling beard, and preposterous hat) having taken his seat, away we went in the bright sunshine, as merry as archæology and the absence of tobacco would allow.

The people of Bridgewater were in a state of excitement and envy at our turn out. There was a cynical ironical or stone-breaker, resting on his hammer by the side of a heap of granite boulders, laughing at the antiquaries as they passed; but what cared we, with the distant view of the Quantock hills, rich in green verdure and spreading trees—where Boxer and Gotherley gave specks of houses and threads of smoke—where the nursery of Cannington, the seat of Lord Clifford, peeped out to us as the spot where Fair Rosamond was "brought up," where Nature had been glazing this picture with a light blue, and adding a last touch to the canvas. "There!" says a young curate (as intelligent as extreme opinions upon the revision of the Bible would allow) "there's Breat Knoll and the Burham lighthouse. You can see these almost."

We stopped with a sudden jerk at what was suggested to be "Stradling's Folly"—a curious building, built hap-hazard as a receptacle for everything that the antiquarian want of taste of the owner, William Stradling, Esq., of Padden Hill, has managed to gather together. It gave us the idea of a consumptive church that had run to tower, or of a growing tower that had not yet belied into church. The best thing about it was the view of the Mendip hills, Cheddar, and the Tor at Glastonbury, from the summit; but within its walls of dark slag-like stone, we found a mixture comprising Indian clubs, a flagstaff, one room wainscoted with old oak panels, a piece of well-executed tapestry, plaster casts of Wellington, Napoleon, Locke, and Sir Walter Scott, a book-case (Elizabethan), some bits of armour (varnished), a battle-axe, the three Graces, a Gothic pew from an old church. A holy-water stoup (let into the wall), three old plates (Adam and Eve, &c.), a window composed of a medley of stained glass, a Queen Anne's farthing, and the top stone of the spire of St. Mary's, Bridgewater.

We had not time for any remarks; the "carriages" were waiting, and away we went to Glastonbury.

As we passed through the village of Street, the females rushed out in their sun bonnets, and the little boys hoarred. We drove into Glastonbury, and alighted at the George, where a procession, headed by a very stout inquisitive lady, mounted the stairs in search of antiquities, but was stopped by a voice from above, which wanted to know "what they were coming up there for," upon which it was promptly discovered by Mr. Pettigrew that there was nothing worth seeing at the George, and that the Abbey was alone worthy their attention; still, as we could not leave this place without some remembrance, we lagged behind to sketch a pretty girl, who was looking through a window, and this is what we saw at the George Inn.

We passed through a stable, past an inscription (modern), "Admittance 6d. each to be paid in the house," up a dark and dingy passage, and got our first view of Glastonbury Abbey in the shape of a bed of onions, in fine condition, and three shirts hung out to dry; but reached the ruins at last—old, weather stained, and weed corroded; the loosened stones bristling at top like old men's heads. "Here," said Mr. Black to a friend as they passed the remains of the fine arch from whence commenced the nave, and at the same time pointing to an old stone coffin with a mitre shaped head. "Here is a very curious relict. Do you see the mitre at the head?" and as he turned to his friend, the fat inquisitive lady sat down plump in the coffin to rest herself. "That is *In Pontificalibus*," "Dear me!"

Mr. Davis, of Bath, not having arrived, and time being precious, we deferred our walk round the ruins, and in the meanwhile Mr. G. R. Wright read Dr. Beattie's paper on the Abbey, the ladies sitting down (some on the stone coffins, and some, including the stout inquisitive lady, in them). As the assembly gathered round the speaker, who had mounted on a loose stone against the wall, the whole affair would have reminded us of suburban open air preaching, if it had not been that Mr. Wright wore a shooting jacket and velvet cap, while most of the audience were of a clerical cut and white chokered.

Although Dr. Beattie's paper was very interesting, we cannot give even a digest of it; the opening legend, however, is too good to be lost in the transactions of the Association—

"The Apple Isle and 'fortunate'—the place so people call;
For of itself it bringeth forth corn, forage, fruit, and all;
There is no need of country swains to plough and till the fields;
Nor seen is any husbandry but that which Nature yields.
Untilled, unsown, there springeth corn, grass, and herbs, good store;
Whole woods there be that apples bear if they be pruned before."

Glastonbury Abbey was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, who, with a select brotherhood of twelve, came over as Christian missionaries to Pagan England. It was from a green acclivity to this day called the Weirial, "for they were all weary," that they first saw the glorious Somersetshire landscape stretching around. It was then and there (on Christmas day) that he planted the staff he had journeyed with from Nazareth, which suddenly burst into leaf and flower, "filling the air with the sweetest odour." This was the "Glastonbury thorn," so miraculous in its effects, but now, alas! no more.

Near this spot was founded the Abbey, so magnificent and so famous. In this place ruled a long line of sixty abbots, in pride and grandeur that can only be expressed by the old rhyme—

"Still turn to firm, and park to park,
He added year by year,
I from hills that heard the soaring lark
To lonely marsh and mere;
But still they cried, 'The space is small
For an Abbot of Glastonbury Hall.'"

Of all these ecclesiastical celebrities, St. Dunstan, however, was the most famous. He it was who routed out the old Druidic Fathers, and introduced the Benedictine Friars; he it was who hunted the married priests to the death; and who paid the devil for a bag of gold by nipping his tail with a pair of red-hot forceps. The sixtieth and last abbot was Richard Whyting the Martyr. Of him it is said that "his death was little else than a foul murder, perpetrated under the sanction of a mock trial." Immediately after the reading of this paper, the company stumbled upon an ecclesiastical figure leaning against the wall; and as its head was unfortunately broken off, we were here enough to sketch it as "the Abbot of Glastonbury who lost his head."

In the absence of Mr. Davis, Mr. Burnell explained the main features of the Abbey—doubting the transept, examining the mortar, and in fact making himself generally useful—many of the members hunted about on their own accounts; all, however, were pretty well kept together by that "man of business, Mr. Pettigrew," as a young and impatient member called him.

We next walked up the Shepton Mallet Road towards the "Barn," Mr. Black sending along (with his gray cloth cap and blue bag, looking like an unsuccessful lawyer who has lost his hat) in company with a thin-legged antiquary, who is only to be compared to the afternoon shadow of Mr. Davis (just arrived from Bath, having up to this moment disappointed the company, because, as he candidly observed, he "felt lazy").

"The Barn" was the storehouse of the Glastonbury abbots; they were paid in kind, and it was here that their tithes were received. It is a large square dark building, with a fine roof of the fifteenth century, and curious windows, supposed by Mr. Davis to be used for purposes of fortification. The outside of the building is ornamented with emblems of the four Evangelists.

"Do you know," said Mr. Black, as we returned from the Barn to the Refectory, or Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, "why I am gathering these wild flowers? It is my way of writing to my family. When I am out, I have no time to spare to write a long letter. See! here I have gathered pimpernel and shepherd's weather-glass. I shall send them in an envelope, and that will be as good as all the letters in the world."

The Chapel of St. Joseph, with its unique Norman turret, was a subject of great admiration, Mr. Planché being very anxious that everybody should come along! he'd show them the couterne, "Why, sir, there's a real mantle sleeve on the moulding of the south door."

The whole of the exterior ornamentation was proclaimed marvellous in its luxuriance, from the "zig-zag" round the windows to the unfinished mouldings of the doors; while the crypt and well, half-hidden among the ivy and ruins, tempted some few adventurous spirits down the crazy steps, but induced none to test the sacredness of its powers by imbibing a cupful of its nauseous waters.

The Kitchen was the next object of our attention. It is principally peculiar for the capital system of ventilation which it possesses, and which is curiously enough identical with what is termed "Dyke's patent for the prevention of smoky chimneys." At such angle is a place for cooking, but the antiquaries were puzzled to accommodate the appetites of the Friars of Glastonbury to the almost utter absence of soot in the chimneys. Let us hope they were not starved.

We are glad that we have not forgotten to engrave a sketch of "Mr. Black making up his mind not to ascend the Tor," for it was a subject worthy of being remembered. He did not care about the Roman campment, although Mr. Vere Irving did, and his mind was so bent upon taking rubbings from the brasses at Wells, that not all the Romans nor Irvings that ever lived could induce him to waste time in climbing such a horribly perpendicular mound. So the Tor, looming upon us wherever we went, high, solemn, and mysterious, was not visited after all, except by Mr. Vere Irving himself.

Away we drove to Wells—looking out to Brent Knoll, and seeing the cathedral towering up; while to the left, the broad expanse of fields ripening into a thousand tints, and arbitrarily separated by a hundred hedges, seemed more like a patchwork quilt than anything else.

On we went, past "droves" (as they call the green lanes), and streams, and aged trees, and lumbering carts, till Wells appeared in the distance, where the fatherly old towers were looking benignantly down upon their children, the red-tiled houses.

We first of all went to St. Cuthbert, to see its groined roof and lines of angels holding shields. This church contains a few curious things. It has, close to the grotesque pulpit, a coat of arms with C. R. legibly inscribed thereon—a comic lion and a melancholy unicorn (who has shed his horn); underneath is an inscription to the effect that "This armistice was up when King Charles the Second was proclaimed in the 12 year of his reign, 1659." It has a torn and little-read edition of "Hollinshed" chained to the desk where whilome they chained the Book of Books, and also the mutilated remains of a "Jessie," the figure of which is popularly known in the town as St. Christopher. Here we were obliged to conclude our investigations at St. Cuthbert's, as a message arrived informing Mr. Pettigrew that the Bishop was waiting to show us over the gardens and the cathedral; we therefore passed hurriedly up the street (an engraving of which, from a photograph, we shall publish in our next number), with its clear running water racing down the gutter, and its country shops, where business seemed dead and only waiting to be carried through the dark gateway at the end to be respectfully interred in the cathedral, to the Bishop's gardens, where through the gateway and over the moat, with its white swans, we came upon the old battlements, struggling with the ivy, and only here and there asserting through the dense green the majesty of their gray old age. But there were beautiful flowers too; and the old well with its water-wheel; and water cresses growing in a stream, all of which were pleasant varieties after the relics of past ages with which we had been feasting our eyes. We proceeded, by way of the private chapel, which is early English (the time of Salisbury Cathedral), and, as Mr. Davis remarked, all old excepting the screen at the end, to the Hall (which gave one the idea of old cloisters). The groining of the roof was the first subject for praise; after which some reckless individuals were on the point of admiring a small figure in a niche over the fireplace, when the Bishop interposed, and told them he had bought it in Wardour Street, a month or two ago, for half-a-crown; then we passed into the vaults, where were some very curious stone coffins; and thence to the portrait gallery, along the wall of which hung the portraits of the bishops of the diocese.

Through a well-stocked library, we passed into the drawing-room, where is an organ, and where we found, in a folio of Eastern sketches, a collection of German caricatures. The adjacent room, in which Luncheon was laid out, is papered in the geometrical brown and gray style patronised at Marlborough House. The luncheon was good, and the wine excellent, but the table was not sufficiently large; and while certain hungry visitors had secured the seats, the remainder had to roam about, seeking what they could devour. There was one mild gentleman (from Oxford) who could not get anything to eat; but then there was the demonstrative gentleman (from a local paper) who eat too much, and then went to the sideboard to finish; but of all others, recommend me to the stout antiquary, who ate like a dog; who, despairing of either knife, plate, chair, or salt, "collared" (that is the only word for it) deliberately "collared" an enormous slice of mutton, holding it up in his hand while he gnawed at it.

Attention! Mr. Pettigrew having finished, and being without pity for those who had not, requested the assembled company, to follow him to the Cathedral.

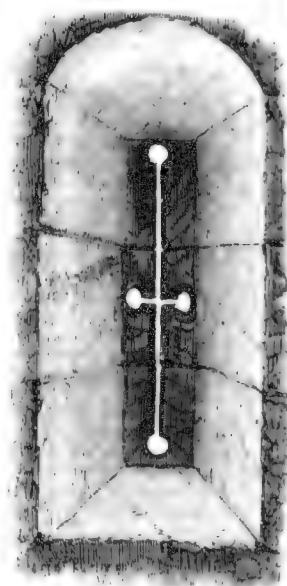
On our way through the cloisters, our attention was arrested by a tablet filled with names, among which we discovered the following:—"To the memory of Elizabeth Ann, wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," with verses by William Enley, beginning

"In this blessed pile, amid whose favouring gloom."

The first object that attracted notice in the Cathedral was the inverted or

THE ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY
WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.



WINDOW IN THE WALL, Glastonbury.

double arch, which, although modern in comparison with the rest of the building, is worthy of close attention. There is also the curious old clock, that tells the time of day, the changes of the moon, and the position of the planets. It marks the hours and minutes by means of revolving stars, while in another part of the building a figure strikes the quarters with his heels, but since receiving a remonstrance from the Bishop, has refused to strike the hours with his hands. It is four minutes past four, the moon is at the last quarter, but we can no more tell the position of the planets than the squinting angel in the corner, who is holding up a cherubim. At the top of this wonderful machine, four knights at a tourney are doing desperate battle with broken spears.

This cathedral is rich in mural antiquities, but has none of more interest than the tomb of Bishop Beckington, 1464. It represents the Bishop in state, while underneath rests an attenuated form, apparently dead from starvation. Mr. Black, who is enthusiastic about Beckington, insists that it is an allegory of life and death; but we (in this case) put faith in the sexton, who observed to us—"You see, Sir, the people about here think that the Bishop tried to fast the forty days, but died on the thirty-ninth, and that figure below shows the kind of skeleton to which he was reduced."

We next proceed to the Chapter house, to hear Pettigrew's paper on the

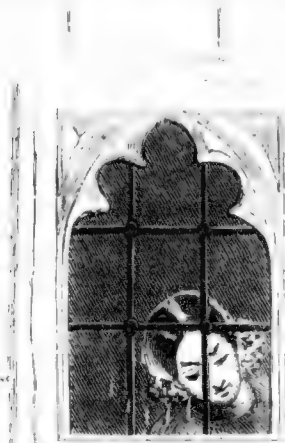


"IN PONTICALIUS."

we glance at the wonderful landscape, and then return down the anti-erine staircase to the nave, where Pettigrew is carrying off Davis to explain the antiquities, and Mr. Black is down upon his knees with a sheet of paper, a hatbrush, and a piece of shoe leather, rubbing away at the passages as if he were a kitchen-maid; and after seeing the library with its old tomes, its chains and its spiders, let us hasten out on to the green, where Mr. Pettigrew is finishing his paper, and from whence through the open door one sees the effect of the sunlight streaming into the nave through the stained-glass window.

The west front is called by Mr. Britton an architectural title-page, and is indeed such a mass of Costume, that Mr. Planché drew a long breath when Pettigrew had finished Mr. Britton's paper, and immediately ran off with many of the audience as he could hastily gather together, to show them where the "Manche sleeve" was preserved, where the pointed toes, the mail and surcoat had "come in." He finished with a reference to a stolid-looking statue, that seemed trying to destroy the dignity of the cathedral by putting one leg over the other, but who turned out to be the "emblem of Justice" after all.

The magnificent series of sculptures constitutes what has been styled the most glorious picture of prayer and praise that can be presented to the



WHAT WE SAW AT THE GORGE INN.



THE CRYPT OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.



MISS TIL OF BEAMIN HILL.

Cathedral. The central pillar springs up like the shafts of the apocryphal bundle of reeds; the light falls gently and subdued upon the pavement; the few stray people who have casually dropped in, look like attendants at a new form of worship; Mr. Pettigrew is almost obscured by the figure of the Bishop, who with the worst manners in the world, seems trying to hide him from his audience.

A little boy, with a blue check pinafore (the red border of his frock just peeping out) relieves the monotony of the gray stone, while the stout antiquarian who ate like a dog, is getting "heavy" and uncomfortable, rubbing his shin and fidgeting; near him are two ladies in cavalier hats, one lovely and the other beautiful, and an antiquarian baby beginning to cry, whose horrified nurse rushes off in an instant—altogether these form a very curious group.

Now we go up the tower, up to the top, past the fresco of a Russian, which some venturesome boy has painted—past the undressed sides of the massive stones—up "behind the scenes" of the cathedral—out we go into the bright light, where the weather-cocks groan like departed spirits of unforgiven bishops, and "William Dudderidge, chorister of this cathedral," has carved his name upon the lead, with a flourish at the bottom, where (on this lead) the Somerset people find no greater pleasure than in carving a shoe or a hand or a heart; where Mr. Wright tolls the bell of the cathedral, and thereby puts the clock out, and confuses the townspeople and the labourers. Now



MR. BLACK MAKING UP HIS MIND NOT TO ASCEND THE TOWER.

THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BRIDGEWATER AND BATH.

Christian spectator—a sort of homely, rude indeed, but in earnestness and propriety not surpassed by any other example we are acquainted with.

We now hurry back as fast as our horses can go, counting on our five fingers in lieu of a note-book the things which strike us on our way. Our thumb represents the sunset of the Golden City, and the Purple Lake; our first finger, the despair of the people who from first to last have rushed out gasping and enquiring, raving for a conveyance; middle finger, the sun-bonnets of the women, that look as though the hoods had been made out of bed-curtains; fourth, the drivers who know everything about the country, and who think that not to know the Rev. Mr. —, who got married last week, and for which ceremony Mr. Johns let out his "creams," shows the gross ignorance of the unfortunate Londoner; and lastly, on the little finger, we have a memorandum of how the sun went down, and the bright light of Burnham Tighthouse came out; and now after a long and dreary ride we come full upon the gas lamps of Bridgewater, stretching away up the side of the Parrett, when in we drove with no worse accident than the upsetting of the Mayor of Bridgewater and two local reporters.

In the evening a *conversazione* was held at the Clarence, where Mr. G. A. Poole and Mr. Black had a pleasant little argument about King Alfred, the meeting being moreover refreshed by the exhibition of some beautiful photographs of Constantinople and Athens by Mr. Alger.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL AT MANCHESTER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)
(SEE PAGE 194.)

THE DONCASTER CUP.

The Doncaster Cup of 1856 is, of course, not a cup at all. It is a silver statuette of the Emperor Napoleon III., and is intended as a graceful memorial of the meeting of the Sovereigns of France and England—an historical event very well deserving art-commemoration. The Emperor is represented in full uniform and on his "favourite charger." The base of the cup is enriched with a shallow bas-relief, representing the actual meeting of the Sovereigns; while at each end of the pedestal, the arms of England and France appear, in engraved silver. On the whole, it is highly creditable as a work of art. The figure is well balanced, and there is an easy lightness in the horse's limbs. Mr. Hancock, the celebrated silversmith, of Bruton Street, is the manufacturer.



THE DONCASTER CUP, 1856.

The Sphinx.

CHARADE.

EPISTLE, DEDICATORY AND CONSOLATORY, TO ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.,
ON HIS RECENT DOMESTIC BEREAVEMENT.

ALBERT, beloved friend! and they have robb'd
Thy dwelling for thee. Well, it *was* a shame.
What though the Artless Dodgers have not fob'd
Thee out of much? Their motive was the same.
Brass medals even (may the rogue get "cobbed")—
A naval torture by that verb they name!

Are useful things at cards to count as fishes;
Their loss no doubt was counter to thy wishes.
You ought to serve the rascals out. You owe them
From that revolver, say, at least, *one* turn.
It's no use in the papers up to show them;
Things *you* exhibit approbation earn.
As for the "London Scoundrels," why, we know
them
(I'm one of them myself, as you may learn);
Whole columns of the "Times" or sheets of
"Bentley"
On them were wasted—treat them ne'er so Gent-ly!
How best to deal with them I can't advise;
Still 'tis a matter to be thought of deeply.
'Tis hard a public man can't close his eyes
For fear of thieves, though feeling ne'er so
sleep'ly.
To vengeance and to action Albert rise!
But proofs may not in a sufficient heap lie
To rouse thine ire. Well, then, their list to mount,
Here goes to rob thee on my own account.

I.

Blanche was bonny and Blanche was fair,
With an ivory neck and ebony hair;
With eyes
Such a size,
And so black likewise;
And teeth
That beneath
Their coral-like sheath
So gleam'd—*you'd* have thought her the eldest girl
Of Old King Coal and the Mother-of-Pearl.
Blanche had a lover—in fact she'd two—
But one she admired no more than—*you*.
The one
Full of fun,
Was a son of a gun,
Afraid
Of no blade,
Ghost, goblin, or shade.
The other—the terrible truth to speak—
Was somewhat a coward, and wholly a sneak.
Blanche was merry, but Blanche was wise;
She saw clear truths with her big black eyes;
She knew,
Of the two,
That one was a "do,"
Though free
As could be
From all *jeux* call'd "*de spée*."
A pattern at meeting, a model in camp—
Yet Blanche thought it best to take up with the
scamp.

Red nosed Oliver's troops were out,
Hugh (the sneaking) was all devout;

The first
In to burst
Where conspirators nurst
Plots sly,
(Rather shy,
Though, when fighting was nigh!)
Walter (the scamp), though at Old Noll's back
On the field of Naseby, was given to sack!
Alack!
That sack,
How it takes us aback!
Of doom how its bottles will sound the crack!
Walter, one evening, rather flush'd,
With a "yes" Blanche's cherry-like lips had blush'd
Must needs go drink—the improvident sot!
So he got mix'd up with a Royalist plot.

'Too harmless plot! A tender girl
Sought refuge o'er the sea,
Her sire—a weak and aged man,
Bow'd lower by proscription's ban—
Disguis'd, with her must flee.

The troops were far—night lent its shade;
They begg'd stout Wat of Chertsey's aid.

Let them but reach old London Bridge,
A ship awaits them there—
She has a lover o'er the sea—
Wat thinks of Blanche, for naught cares he
Save to protect the pair.
(Be not the sack alone to blar,
Sober or drunk he'd do the same!)

He holds the pass: a trooper brave
In old Noll's camp well known;
The word of Chertsey Wat is gold,
Pickets their arms saluting hold,
All gates are open thrown,
As, with the two, Wat passes by,
Uncheck'd by foe, undog'd by spy.

The ferry! there's the trying point—
The boatman looks askance;
Suspect to him each human fright,
Foes to the Commonwealth to-night
'Tis said would make for France.
"How? friends of Chertsey Walter? So!"
He chirps a song, and off they go.

Once landed, Wat can make them safe,
Staunch friends he has and true;
They cross the river—reach the bank—
Mute pressing hands stout Walter thank—
Who stops their path? 'Tis Hugh!
"Seize them," he cries. Arm'd troopers burst
Upon the group. Hugh looks *my first*.

II.

Wat of Chertsey to-night must die,
And the Commonwealth knows the reason why;
He has aided a godless royalist's flight—
Wat of Chertsey must die to-night.
When the old church bell
Shall sound the knell,
O (the dying day, and of Wat as well,
(Funny enough that these Puritan carles
Should spare an old custom, yet kill King Charles).

The sun is low—it is near the hour—
Where is Blanche? In her lonely bower,
Moping and sighing,
Screaming and crying,
Fainting for sympathy—threat'ning dying?
No! on the top of the old church tower.

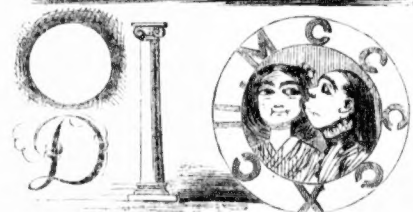
Never a tear is on her cheek.
Who shall say true woman is weak?
Her heart is beating,
Her eyes, entreating,
Gaze at the sunbeams rapidly fleeting,
Respite from them as if to seek.

Ever anon her feverish gaze,
From the cruelly sinking planet strays
To the foaming river.
She prays the Giver
Of good, her heart from its woe to deliver,
She watches and hopes, and watches and prays.

The sun flies down! How the moments end!
Where is that messenger, deem'd her friend—
Who swore to carry
(Hugh's spite to parry),
Her letter to Cromwell—Why does he tarry?
God! how the sunbeams upward tend!

The sun leaps down—it is all but night—
Ha! there's a boat in the gray twilight.
Her quick eye, spying
A kerchief flying,
Gleams with the last bright sunbeam vying.
Yes! 'tis the signal, and all is right!

The sun rolls down—there is some light yet;
But the troops are out, and the crowds are met



REBUS

False Hugh has beckon'd
(For well he has reckon'd)
The sergeant—of moments there are my second,
The messenger has not landed yet!

III.

Oh mad'ning scene! oh spiteful time! each moment lasts an hour.
They bind his eyes—(his last long look was one towards the tower!)
The guns are raised: above her head—oh, horror!—swings the bell,
That must the hour of sunset toll, and her dear Walter's knell!

There's sunlight yet—she'll swear there is, though ne'er so faint a ray;
They must not fire till tolls the bell—where does that sluggard stay?
See! breathless o'er the field he runs, they do not hear his cries,
Or note his signs * * * ABOVE HER HEAD THE BELL BEGINS TO RISE.

Is't madness, or an angel's voice, that prompts the wondrous deed—
Up to the swinging iron tongue with tiger strength and speed
She leaps—the ponderous bar is clutched—destruction yawns below.
Yet away'd within that old church bell Blanche tosses to and fro.

Like mad she clasps her dainty limbs the iron tongue around,
Her tender flesh and fleecy robes against the sides rebound.
The bell, as vexed at being hush'd, swings fiercely to and fro,
But the bruised and bleeding body still will not be dash'd below.

The sunset bell refused to ring, the troopers would not fire—
The saint-like Hugh let fall a curse, and bade them mount the spire.
"There's treason here—how now, what's this?" a thrill of joy then came
Through all the crowd as roared a voice:—"Reprieve, in Cromwell's name!"

"A miracle!" cried Walter's friends, as round his sides they hung—
"Some goodly angel!" was decreed the bell should not be rung."
"I know her," Walter's instinct said, quick up the stair he flew,
And in the old church belfry soon his guardian angel knew.

Still, to and fro, uneasily, the bell in motion swung,
And round the iron clapper, as for very life, Blanche clung,
Though bruised and bleeding, all but dead, the rapture of her soul,
What pen shall write? His life she'd saved by stilling thus *my whole*.

Blanche was married, of course, to Wat,
(Who liked being married much better than shot.)
The latter grew steady, was never more drunk,
Hugh was hanged under General Monk,
I've told my story, and now must end it;
Please, as you like it, to recommend it.

ANSWER TO CHARGE IN NO. 71.

Margate—*Margate*.

EXPLANATION OF REBUS IN NO. 71.

It is better to be unmannerly than troublesome.
It is better: To be unmannerly: Than troublesome.

NOTHING LIKE STEEL.—If we were asked what discovery had "beyond compare," conferred the greatest material blessings upon our world, we should confidently answer, "The hardening and tempering of steel." Of what importance to mankind have been the deeds of heroes or the fall of empires, beside this little discovery? They are as feathers in the balance to weigh against its vast importance. It will live through all time and bless all generations yet to come. Does the reader smile in incredulity? The pen that writes this, the press that shall print it, the engine that shall carry it from one end of our island to the other, they are our witnesses. Should these lines cross the ocean, then the needle "faithful to the pole," the chronometer, whose unerring pulsations shall guide the mariner on the trackless deep—these, too, shall be our witnesses. Almost every implement in almost every art is made of tempered steel, and without it many arts would be impossible. Every cutting tool is made of it—the graver of the artist, the chisel of the sculptor, the mattock of the excavator, the pickaxe of the miner, the woodman's adze, and the warrior's sword. Every die in which metals are shaped or coins struck, every percussive implement, from the smallest hammer to the most powerful stamp—in short, all cutting, sawing, planing, filing, turning, rolling, drawing, pressing, and hammering tools are made of it. Withdraze these from the world, and what helpless creatures we should be! How greatly are we indebted, then, to the man who first observed that by heating steel and quenching it in water it was made hard as adamant, second only to the diamond in hardness? What research would not the discovery of this man's name—nay, only of the country that gave him birth—repay? If we could find him, no pyramid too great, no poet's song too wild, to do him honour. But time, that "feeds oblivion with decay of things," has wiled his name both from history and from fame, and denied us the opportunity of paying him the homage due. But he has left his mark upon the world, and time will never efface that. How long has man possessed this secret, more precious than the philosopher's stone, more strange than charm of Eastern romance? In the painted history of that wondrous people, the ancient Egyptians, figures are occasionally found, carrying cutting implements coloured blue. In the opinion of these best fitted to judge, it was intended to indicate steel by this colour.—**BIRMINGHAM JOURNAL.**

JOINT-STOCK COMPANY IN HORSES.—A joint-stock company of a novel character is in course of formation at Newmarket—a company for the breed of horses. It boasts of rich and honourable names among its committee—the Duke of Wellington, Lord W. P. P. C. C. Grady, and Mr. W. J. Goodwin, of Hampton Court, for instance, besides many leading gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—It is stated that, in cutting through Oliver Street, New York, a tombstone was exhumed, and a perfect skull found beneath it. The inscription was in Hebrew characters, and after being submitted to the inspection of many learned citizens of the Jewish persuasion, it was deciphered to bear the name "Grenada," while the date runs back some 599 years, which was before the discovery of America by Columbus.

MR. BRETZ has renounced the project of laying down the electric cable to Algiers, by way of Cagliari and Bone. He is going to take soundings between Mers-el-kébir and Algiers to see if the great submarine valley is not prolonged. It should be found to be prolonged, the wire will be laid down through the Straits of Gibraltar.

LORD STANLEY ON FINANCIAL REFORM.—The Council of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association has recently been favoured with the views of Lord Stanley on the subjects of taxation and financial reform. In a recent letter to the secretary, his Lordship says:—"I agree in the preterability of direct over indirect taxation, if two conditions be conceded: the first, that of equality between classes, which, by the capitalisation theory, seems attainable; the second, that of accurate knowledge by Government of the amount of private incomes, which I know no means of obtaining. It is this latter difficulty more than the former which prevents many public men from according to the principle of a large extension of direct taxation. With regard to economy in the administration of the national funds, most reasoning persons are agreed up to a certain point. In reference to military and naval expenditure, the association have it in their power to do good service, by showing that a large force is not necessarily an efficient one, nor an efficient force necessarily a large one; that the chief colonies are capable of contributing more largely than they do to their own defence in time of peace; that a militia may at all times furnish at small cost, a large reserve for the army; and that a smaller number of officers may do the duty now performed by a large number, if they be made to study their profession, and if mere idlers be excluded. In the civil service I believe the reform most wanted is to open it to competition, which will enable Government to dispense with a considerable proportion of those employed, and to pay the rest suitably."

IMPROVEMENTS AT PEMBRIDGE DOCKYARD.—Great additions and alterations are in progress at Pembridge Dockyard. The present dry dock is to be widened and lengthened, so as to meet the requirements of our new class men-of-war. Two new ships for ship-building are to be made of huge blocks of limestone, coverings of granite. Other ships are to be lengthened to meet the increased size of the ships; and the consequence is a great increase seaward of the establishment. An extension of the sea-wall is going on. All accumulation of mud is to be washed away by means of reservoirs between the ships, and these can be run out by the sluices when required.

GAME AND STRYCHNINE.—The demand for game this season is but slight. People having heard that strychnine has been used largely in the destruction of crows and foxes, very naturally fancy that pheasants and hares may also have partaken of this fearful poison, and do not choose to run the risk of eating game with strychnine so poisoning.

THE THEATRES.

THE drama of "Belphegor," translated from the French, is more accordant with English taste than the usual run of plays from the same source. It was reproduced at the Lyceum on Monday last, when the new lessee, Mr. Dillon, performed the principal character. Mr. Dillon possesses the advantage of a tolerable physique, and a certain talent for stage business, but is not likely to be able to assume that commanding position as a melodramatic actor which rumour, stimulated by certain widely-published criticisms, might have led us to predict for him. The action of the piece, especially through the first act, was immoderately protracted, the act drop being withheld from an anxious audience for one hour and three-quarters after the rising of the curtain. Meanwhile we were introduced to a comedian of considerable power, named Toole, who promises to become a leading man in his line. He evidently possesses the rare art of individualising his characters, in which respect he has the advantage of Mr. Dillon, who, while occasionally portraying artistically enough the probable effect of the passions upon himself, does so rather as an elocutionist than as an actor. Mr. Toole is evidently a rising member of that school which includes Wigan, Webster, and Robson, with whom every new part presents its own identity totally distinct from former characters. Mrs. Dillon impressed us favourably upon her first appearance, but unhappily failed to realise the expectations thereby created. Mr. Dillon is afflicted with a severe lisp, which is only perceptible in his louder passages. Mrs. Dillon, as a good wife should, believes in her husband, and so in similar scenes she lisps too. And when both, in some of the outbursts, were lisping one against the other, there appeared some slight danger that the audience might supply the missing sibilants. The scenery, dresses, and accessories are as a whole almost perfect. The action of the piece being laid in France at the period of the accession of Louis XVIII., great care has evidently been bestowed upon the costume. It is to be regretted, however, that both Mr. Dillon and Mr. Stuart should have marred the effect of court suits and powdered wigs by heavy black mustaches, but the practice has become so common upon the stage as to form an established conventionality. In the same manner, Mrs. Dillon appears with her hair elegantly dressed in modern style, among a company of ladies all in white toupees. But, after all, these little errors fail to influence the success of a piece. As far as the audience was concerned, it was no slight tribute to the merits of the performances, that at half-past twelve o'clock the house scarcely showed symptoms of thinning. The second piece was a burlesque upon the "Winter's Tale," and entitled "Perdita." It was smartly written, with a fair allowance of puns, but far too lengthy. The songs were unusually numerous, and although it was long after midnight when we left, the piece was still progressing satisfactorily to the author. The appearance of Mrs. Mellon was hailed by the house with long-continued and enthusiastic plaudits, and her acting was distinguished by all the vivacity, point, and grace with which the fair actress was so long accustomed, as Miss Woolgar, to fascinate her audiences. Mr. Toole played the part of Autolycus, and fully bore out the good opinion we had conceived of him from his performance in the first piece. He is already a man worth going to the theatre to see, and will probably take one of the highest places among the comedians of a not very distant time. But if Mr. Dillon wishes to establish his theatre in popular favour, he must concentrate its delights. Eleven o'clock or half-past eleven at latest should be the limit of a theatrical performance. It should always be remembered that a visit to a theatre is sought only as a relaxation, and it is not to be expected that people will consent to convert it into a toil by sitting out pieces replete with unnecessary elaboration, however excellent such elaboration may be in itself.

We visited Drury Lane in spite of the announcement of a stock play to precede a stock farce, and in spite of the still greater inducement to remain absent presented by the Lord, hideous lithographs (from American daguerreotypes, we presume) of the lady engaged as leading actress, with which the exterior of the theatre has for some time been adorned. It is but justice to state that the lady thus ill used, does not appear (from the front of the boxes) to resemble her horrible portraits in the slightest degree,—appearing, in fact, young, pretty, graceful, and unaffected. It would be rather late to offer any remarks upon the piece, reproduced at Drury Lane on Monday last, that piece being the "Lady of Lyons." We were, however, rather surprised on our entrance (late in the evening) to see the curtain rise upon "Scene—a street in Lyons," with a carpet carefully laid down. Shortly after, a resplendent personage made his appearance, and instantly reminded us of the late Mr. Widdicombe, as he would have appeared in a cocked hat and state of inebrity. We anticipated some comic business, until the cocked hat was removed and we found our limp friend to be Mr. Barry Sullivan as Claude Melnotte, prostrated by grief, and promoted to a colonelcy. The residue of the actors in the first piece, included Messrs. Tilbury, Worrell, R. Glendon, and others of equal celebrity and powers of public entertainment, upon whose well-known talents and characteristics comment would be superfluous. The after-piece was the farce of "Twice Killed," in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared, and were of course highly successful. But unless the manager intends to rely upon the attractions of these popular favourites for half-price audiences, we fear that the "beautiful play," as the "Lady of Lyons" is called in the bills, must be replaced by a novelty.

THE DESPATCH ROBBERIES AT BERLIN.—A letter from Berlin, in the "Journal de Frankfurt," gives the following on the subject of the trial of Tehen:—"The charge against the prisoner is founded on the following paragraph of the penal code: 'Whoever deliberately communicates to a foreign government state secrets, plans of fortresses, documents, or news, knowing that the welfare of the State required their being kept secret from such government, shall be liable to the punishment of hard labour for from five to twenty years.' It appears, therefore, that Tehen has really been in communication with the agents of foreign governments, which fact had been at first doubted. The trial, which took place with closed doors, lasted twelve hours, after which the tribunal remained in deliberation for an hour before it delivered its judgment. Nineteen witnesses were examined, and among others, Vice-President Seifert, who has played a very prominent part in the affair, and against whom a disciplinary inquiry is to take place. It is said that Tehen made no avowal, so that the evidence of the witnesses must have been very conclusive. Nothing has transpired as to the foreign agents with whom Tehen had had relations, and it is probable that the public will learn nothing on the subject."

THE FRAUDS ON THE NORTHERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE.—The following further particulars of the flight of the late cashier of the Northern Railway are given in the "Independence" of Brussels:—"About three weeks ago the cashier asked for and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, on the pretence that he was about to be married, but begged that his intention might be kept secret. At the end of a few days the sub-cashier pretended that the weight of business thus thrown on him was too heavy, and having insinuated that the cashier had not really absented himself for his marriage, he managed so well that he excited doubts in the minds of the directors, and was sent to bring him back. Grellet joined Carpentier at Havre, where the latter awaited his arrival with the common spoil. Carpentier was accompanied by a girl named Georgette, his mistress, and by a man who kept carriages for hire, and who had taken part in getting rid of the stolen shares. From Havre the party went to Liverpool, where they embarked on board the "Fulton" for New York, and where they have now probably arrived. The company will spare no sacrifice to make the fugitives yield up their booty. A lawyer at New York has been written to, to find some expedient for arresting and throwing them into prison, and when once in custody they may be claimed by the French Minister at Washington. It is said that if the loss is to fall on the shareholders it will be about fifteen francs a share, and that the intention is to extend the payment of the loss over ten years, making it one franc fifty cents per annum. An extraordinary meeting of the shareholders will, it is said, be called on the subject."

ONE WAY OF TELLING A FORGED NOTE.—Slightly damp it with the tongue and hold it up to the light; if genuine, the watermark appears more distinct on the part damped; if forged, the pretended watermark disappears.

SHOCKING INCIDENT.—Last week, a poor old woman, seventy-eight years of age, went out gleaming, and in the afternoon passed through a field which, though there was no footpath through it, led to her home. There was a ram in the field, and it ran at her, knocking her down. She attempted to rise, but the animal knocked her down on the ground again, and continued striking her head and side with his horns. She screamed out to a lad, who was separated from her by a hedge, to obtain some assistance, and he hastened to do so. Returning with her grandson, George Alcock, he found the old woman still on the ground, and the ram butting against her body with great force. Alcock managed with some difficulty to get the animal away from her, and had his grandmother, who was bleeding very much and was much bruised about the head and shoulders, conveyed home. A surgeon was sent for, but the unfortunate woman expired before his arrival.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE decisions of our rural magistrates exhibit, not unfrequently, a total abnegation, or rather subversion, of the rules of evidence, and a common sense, that were not these men known to be entrusted with a certain amount of control over the legal rights of their neighbours, the effect would be ludicrous in a high degree. We hear continually of some other bench of these worthies assembling in due form, furnished with every needful accessory in the way of cricks, police, pens, ink, testament and paraphernalia, calling on cases, hearing them with gravity, examining witnesses as though evidence were important, or would influence the case in any way, conferring among themselves solemnly, like real judges, on sages with reasoning faculties, and finally culminating the burlesque by delivering a decision so horribly at variance with the received ideas of right and justice, so hopelessly illogical and generally absurd, that the ordinary people about the court—rustic idlers and labourers called upon to do evidence—either explode into rude shouts of irrepressible laughter, or play such unmistakable symptoms of disgust that the services of the court are compelled to be brought into requisition to restore order. Thus, the Brighton Police Court, on Thursday week, the following case was presented for judgment. Mr. John N. Cooper, accompanied by a lady friend, was descending the steps of the Brighton Theatre, when the lady was accosted, let us hope with the purest motives and most courteous politeness, by an officer. Mr. Cooper extended his arm between the elegant stranger and his friend, saying, "Now, Sir, don't interfere with that lady." The warrior, as brave and powerful as moral and polite, hereupon seized Mr. Cooper, and threatening to dash out his brains, swung him violently against a wall. A police inspector stood by, and on Mr. Cooper's appealing for official interference, observed to the officer, "You must not do that, sir," whereupon the assailant, perceiving how little he had to fear from the constable, repeated the assault. Mr. Cooper then demanded to give the hero into custody, but the policeman declined the charge, alleging that he knew the party, it was Lord Ernest Vane. (It was not Lord Ernest Vane, although the Brighton police are not unacquainted with his Lordship's physique and habits.) Mr. Cooper again insisted on the charge being taken, and the inspector again refused. These facts being proved, the official appearance of the defence. Captain Burt, the real aggressor, was, according to the inspector, talking to a gentleman, when complainant (a solicitor, and accompanied by a lady, he it remembered) pushed the Captain, without provocation, down the steps. The insulted Captain then took complainant and turned him round. The inspector refused to take the charge, alleging that complainant had committed the first assault. Here follows an illustration of the tact of the judicial body.

The Inspector is asked whether his supposing the Captain to be Lord Ernest Vane was the reason why he did not take the charge, and evades by replying, "The other party committed the assault." Again, he is asked, "Is that?" (the supposition) "any reason why you should not do your duty?" and returns, "Oh no, sir. The complainant was much excited, and with this shallow evasion, which would not have served his turn before a barrister holding a first brief, escapes the troublesome question. Mr. Cooper, who has hitherto wished to spare the lady the annoyance of examination, here demands an adjournment, to which, for the purpose of contradicting evidence alleged to be untrue, he is certainly entitled. The Bench, however, decide on examining another witness who saw none of the material incidents of the affray; and thereupon dismiss the charge."

At Manchester, a man named Thomas Pepper was charged with having killed a hare. He alleged that while mowing he had accidentally killed the animal with his scythe, wounding it severely, and that he killed it afterwards to put it out of pain; refusing to deliver it to a gamekeeper, who demanded it, in order to be able to prove in his own defence, he required, now the creature was originally wounded. The Bench admitted that the hare might have been accidentally killed, but fined Thomas Pepper five shillings and costs; inflicting exactly the same punishment upon his brother, who had nothing to do with the matter beyond witnessing the occurrence. It is perhaps as well, however, that the brother was acquitted in the charge, and thereby prevented from giving evidence in behalf of the accused, who, had his innocence been more indisputably proved, might probably have received a much severer punishment.

A few weeks since we remarked upon a case in which a boy alleged that he had been carried off in a gig, drugged, and left in a field near Hampstead, under circumstances resembling (except in the catastrophe) the well-known Acton case. The boy has since denied the whole affair. Of course, every one may entertain his own opinion as to whether the statement or the refutation is the real falsehood. If untrue, it is a most wonderful invention, with a strong dash in it of something resembling second sight. During last week two other boys were lured from their homes, drugged, and left in a field at Windsor, and their description of the offender agrees with that in the alleged fiction, and also with that of the Acton murderer. Is it not just possible that the first-mentioned boy has been (to use the common but expressive phrase) "spoken for"? On Monday last, another complaint was made to the police that a boy had been kidnapped near Maiden Lane, drugged, and deposited near Epsom.

Two police charges of a trifling nature have been investigated in connection with the visit of the Queen of Oude. They have been reported in some of the daily papers solely on account of their connection with the journey of that deposed Sovereign. The British public, however, does not appear to take much interest in the Queen's affairs, having a simple rule respecting dethronement which it appears inclined to follow henceforth rigidly, namely—that a sovereign has only an indefeasible right to a territory and subjects just so long as he (or she) can contrive to retain them; and this may not be far off the law and justice of the case after all.

If any of the labouring classes, with real grievances and strong opinions on the matter of political reform, did in fact form part of the assembled Chartists who on Monday accompanied Mr. Frost to Finsbury Hill, they must have reason to feel ashamed of their friends. The meeting appears to have been convened principally for the benefit of the lower order of thieves, and to enable Mr. Ernest Jones to display his pretensions to verse in a song which we are informed has been fully described as the "haddist" ever heard. Those who attended the meeting became involved towards the close in a fearful "row," in which the established authorities refrained from attempting the slightest interference.

On the following day, the London magistrates were mainly occupied in investigating charges of street robbery, arising out of this political demonstration. It must strike all readers of the ample records of police cases, which at the present time fill so large a portion of the space of the daily newspaper, that the London pickpockets ply a brisker trade than they used to do, or else retributive justice follows them with greater certainty, in the shape of extra vigilance on the part of the police. We should be very glad to know that the latter explanation is the correct one, though we must confess to our doubts upon the subject.

During a police case a few days since a constable gave evidence that, in the neighbourhood of Rattleigh Highway, forty robberies were daily committed upon Swedes and Norwegians.

The Recorder of London, on Monday last, sentenced to twenty years' transportation, a man convicted of a garotte robbery, and remarked that in such cases he felt bound to pass the most severe sentences. Whether some more efficient means cannot be found of breaking up these gangs of garotte robbers than the passing of an occasional severe sentence, we leave to the consideration of the Commissioners of Police.

An unusual number of cases of forgery has lately been tried in our criminal courts. The system appears to be to prepare a forged request to the bank for the pass-book of the intended victim, to bribe a boy or idling stranger to deliver this and receive the book, to forge a cheque for a large proportion of the balance thus discovered, and to draw out the required sum in the same way. Occasionally the person sent to the gaol gets arrested on the spot for the forgery, and perhaps otherwise punished for the crime in which he has been duped into becoming an involuntary accessory. By the simple plan of never leaving a hanket's book at the establishment beyond a single day, and never allowing it to be removed but by the proprietor or a known clerk or servant, this stratagem may be easily frustrated.

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